Souvenirs
of
Scottish Labour

BY
DAVID LOWE

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PREFACE.

THE origins of an unpopular movement are not easily collected. Early events of importance passed unrecorded, and successes which gave heart to the pioneers were received in silence by the newspaper press. Therefore, in the following pages, the reader will find an amalgam of history, autobiography, extracts from correspondence, selections from speeches, and cuttings from memory intended to provide both atmosphere and action of the generative period. The Chapters, in the main, appeared in the *Forward*, and, but for the war, the interest in them then created might have been met earlier by publication in book form. Now that Peace has almost broken out, the occasion seems opportune.

Looking over the past thirty years one is impressed by the meagre realisation of the first programme, and by the reflection that many sincere and worthy men have disappeared through the gates of death, taking with them somewhat of that elemental adherence to an idea which distinguishes the apostolic. To grow in numbers is not necessarily an increase in power.

Evidently the call of the hour is to think and act internationally, and not unforgetful of the duties of the hearth and the homeland. In the ceaseless war between the parasites and the people the odds of battle remain in favour of the former because the strategy of credit is international.

Patriotism is a call which leads the workers into an intellectual and moral morass, because the desires, aims, or necessities of a government may be, and often are, directly opposed to social aspirations. As long as the State as an organism can operate outwith ordinary morality and remain the limit of appeal, war cannot be at any time considered far away from us. It is now the duty of all men to apply their minds to the creation of an international entity which in its working will cause the

nations to shed false patriotism and debar governments from leading peoples into sanguinary paths against common taste and belief. The Cabinets of the world are the last entities to be civilised. The so-called great ones, the eminent statesmen, the last ditch defenders of wage slavery, are the last of the barbarians. When Cabinets disagree with Cabinets, what happens? War — and work folk are made into a blood offering on the altar of usury, while those who survive are burdened heavier than before. The consolidation of capitalistic governments, under the name of a League of Nations, is not a profitable urge for the poor. It is a terrible menace to the workers of the world. The hope of the world lies in the industrial and political international organisation of Labour. A large representative International Cabinet of Labour should be formed in the immediate future. This body ought to be in session throughout the year, and not a mere conference. Its members, elected for a term by working class organisations in each country, ought to be paid, and it would not be a grievous individual charge to do so. It may be asked what work is there to engage permanently the energies of such a Cabinet, but one has only to consider the universal ramifications of industry, finance, politics, and diplomacy to find an answer. Such an Executive would have at its disposal an efficient Intelligence Department. Report and rumour could be sifted by the International, and its findings from time to time published in the labour press of every country. Its advice and assistance in matters pertaining to the transport and carrying trades, the mining industry, and emigration, and to the transfer of labour from one country to another in times of dispute would alone be invaluable.

I am no pessimist as regards the future of Socialism; it is the lily which will spring from the red-stained fields.

DAVID LOWE.

September, 1919.

SOUVENIRS OF SCOTTISH LABOUR.

Formation of the Scottish Labour Party.

Whence think'st thou kings and parasites arose?
Whence that unnatural line of drones, who heap
Toil and unvanquishable penury
On those who build their palaces, and bring
Their daily bread? . . . . . .
From all that genders misery and makes
Of earth this thorny wilderness, from lust,
Revenge, and murder.

SHELLEY.

It was the 19th day of May, in the year 1888. The time was tinged with omen, and events were taking place which filled the wealthy with concern and wonder. Vulgar labouring folk were rubbing their eyes and awakening to behold the dawn. It was the morn of a new era. The scoffer says we are always about to enter on a new era, and so far he speaks truly, because wherever there is movement there are changing views, but there is a great difference between a flowing and an ebbing tide to those who carry priceless wares to distant seas.

Increasing acceptance of an idea is not a guarantee of its original strength and pristine brilliance being retained. The extremists in a successful movement are the normal men of the early movement. In the same way parties are built at the expense of individualities. Many men find work in a party who cannot realise themselves in it, but this should not apply to a Socialist party, because Socialism provides conditions favourable to individuality.

Twenty-seven men met in Glasgow on the date referred to, under the chairmanship of John Murdoch, to organise a Labour Party in Scotland. The Rev. George Brooks, editor of the "Christian Common-

wealth," was present. The explanation of the objects for which the meeting was called came from Keir Hardie, who had made the conference a possibility. After a full expression of opinion the following resolution was agreed to unanimously :—

"In the opinion of this meeting it is desirable that a Parliamentary Labour Party should be formed in Scotland, and we hereby appoint the following as a committee to arrange for a conference being held on the earliest possible date—Duncan M'Pherson, Keir Hardie, Charles Kennedy, George Mitchell, and Robert Hutchison."

To a meeting held on the 26th May, the committee reported as follows :—

"That a conference of delegates from Trades Unions, political organisations, and societies working for the moral and social elevation of the people, together with such individuals as the committee may deem entitled to special invitation, be held in Glasgow on 14th August, to be followed by an open-air demonstration on Glasgow Green on the afternoon of the same day, to form a Parliamentary Labour Party for Scotland."

The conference to inaugurate the party actually took place on Saturday, 25th August, 1888, and was held in the Waterloo Rooms, Glasgow—Cunninghame-Graham, M.P., in the chair. Among those present were Dr. G. B. Clark, M.P., John Ferguson, Keir Hardie, Shaw Maxwell, John Murdoch, A. C. Morton, Richard M'Ghee, and the Rev. W. L. Walker. Among the apologies for absence were letters from Michael Davitt, H. H. Champion, Wm. Saunders, and Adam Birkmyre, who expressed their sympathy with the movement.

In his opening speech, the chairman said the limited belief he had in the principles of evolution did not lead him to expect the condition of the working classes to improve of itself. They were not getting a fair share of the benefits of civilisation, and the means by which he proposed to help them were, shorter hours of labour, relief works for the unemployed, nationalisation of the land and means of production. He had sweated blood and water in trying to get support from Members of Parliament for his Eight Hours Mines Bill, and all in vain. Tory priests and Liberal levites

had alike passed him by. He held that all who had the interests of the working classes at heart should join together in breaking down the gentlemanly tone of the House of Commons, which boycotted every measure having for its object the relief of the poor; and he believed this could best be done by sending to Parliament *bona-fide* working men who knew what they wanted and were determined to have it.

The constitution and programme which emanated from the conference were of great historical significance, and should prove inspiring reading to the young men of to-day. The pioneers had large vision and strong minds.

Constitution.

I. That the association be called the Scottish Parliamentary Labour Party.

II. That its object be to educate the people politically, and to secure the return to Parliament and all local bodies of members pledged to its programme.

Programme.

1st.—Adult suffrage, with abolition of plural voting.

2nd.—Triennial Parliaments, elections to be all on one day.

3rd.—Simplification of Registration Laws, so as to prevent removal from one constituency to another disfranchising a voter.

4th.—Payment of Members by the State, and of official election expenses from the rates.

5th.—Home Rule for each separate nationality or country in the British Empire, with an Imperial Parliament for Imperial affairs.

6th.—Abolition of the House of Lords and all hereditary offices.

7th.—A Second Ballot.

8th.—Nationalisation of Land and Minerals.

9th.—Labour Legislation—(a) An Eight Hours'

Bill; (b) Abolition of present Poor Law System and substitution of State Insurance to provide for Sickness, Accident, Death, or Old Age; (c) Arbitration Courts with power to settle disputes and fix a minimum wage; (d) Weekly Pays; (e) Homestead Law to protect furniture and tools to the value of £20 from seizure for debt; (f) Application of the Factories and Workshops Acts to all premises, whether public or private in which work is performed.

10th.—Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic.

11th.—No War to be entered upon without the consent of the House of Commons.

12th.—Free Education, Boards to have power to provide food for the children.

13th.—Disestablishment.

14th.—Reform in the system of civil government and abolition of sinecure offices and pensions.

15th.—Simplification and codification of the civil and criminal law.

16th.—State acquisition of railways, waterways, and tramways.

17th.—National Banking System and the issue of State money only.

18th.—Cumulative Income Tax beginning at £300 per annum.

It was moved by Donald Stewart and seconded by the Rev. W. L. Walker, to add the full Socialist demand to the programme, but the amendment was withdrawn on the understanding that the executive were to embody it in a statement of first principles to be prepared by them. The office-bearers elected were: Honorary President, R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, M.P.; Honorary Vice-Presidents, Dr. Clark, M.P., and John Ferguson; Chairman of Executive, J. Shaw Maxwell; Vice-Chairman, Duncan M'Pherson; Secretary, Keir Hardie; Treasurer, George Mitchell.

At the demonstration on Glasgow Green speeches

were delivered by several of the gentlemen already named, and also by James Robertson, Dundee, and Wm. Small, Blantyre. The resolution approving the formation of the new party was carried unanimously and with acclamation.

After reading this plain recital of origins and aims, no man can convict the wage-worker of unseemly haste in the pursuit of his own business. It has required much during the past thirty years to rouse him to his responsibilities and opportunities, but having attained his majority, he will doubtless evidence his manhood with power and effect. Such is my earnest hope and prayer.

Fresh Influences at Work.

"Nievvi-nievvi-nik-nak,
Which hand will ye tak?
Be ye richt or be ye wrang,
I'll begowk ye if I can!"

This quatrain, which in my boyhood was repeated in order to settle sides in a game, seemed an appropriate verse to describe the position of the party politician towards the working man. In my native village I had already been called a Socialist. The name startled me, because I had never heard the word before, and as it had been hurled at me in a contumelious manner, I wondered what it meant. I had been conducting an argument with several men much older than myself, and had followed the line of commonsense. The problem was ever with me why I should be called such a strange name for reasoning sensibly. In the second month of 1888 I removed into the city of Dundee, and very soon I became aware of a new spirit hovering over the people. The signs were to

those who could read them, and I found myself, without being able to explain how it came about, ranged on the side of the new time.

There were many fresh influences at work both in press and on platform. The Mid-Lanark contest, in which Keir Hardie fought as an independent Labour candidate, created fierce discussion, and gave rise to the fiction regarding Tory gold. His attack on Henry Broadhurst at Swansea Trades Congress in the previous autumn had earned for him the wrath of the mandarins, and had brought him into touch with H. H. Champion. In London, Champion and Keir Hardie had discussed the formation of a Labour Party, and within a few months after the interview the former was acting as election agent for the latter at Mid-Lanark. The Liberal papers, headed by the "Weekly Mail," asserted that the Labour Party were tools of the Tories and operated on Tory gold. It became a specific charge against Keir Hardie when he stood for Mid-Lanark. Cunninghame Graham, who had been returned in 1886 as member for North-West Lanark, and who was destined to sit for six years in Parliament trying in vain to discover the economic differences between the two historic parties, entered the lists in defence of the Labour Party and Keir Hardie.

The following letter appeared in the "North British Daily Mail" for 28th June, 1888, but the editor did not include it in the "Weekly Mail":—

"Sir,—I have just seen Cunninghame-Graham's letter of 22nd inst. in your paper. I write at once to say that I gave Mr. H. H. Champion the cheque for Mr. Keir Hardie. Far from being a Tory, I am a Socialist, and also a member of the Labour Party. I happen to know that many private individuals like myself are prepared to spend money on Labour candidates, and that we mean to win if money has anything to do with the matter. My silence arose from the fact that it is not usual to question a man of Mr. Champion's birth and position on such subjects, even though he happens to be a Socialist. The vituperation of the press, is always, I think, best met by silence. But now I am glad to have the opportunity of saying that although I did not know Mr. Hardie, I knew Mr. Champion to be the most honourable man of my acquaintance, so I willingly

did the little I could to help on Mr. Hardie's election. I shall be in Glasgow next month, and then I shall call at your office. Meanwhile I am willing to answer any questions you like. The Labour Party will not be put down by abuse, you may be sure of that, for we who belong to it have the interests of the people at heart, and care nothing for party politics.—I am, etc.,

JOHN LAW, 9 Ludgate Sq., London, E.C.

Who was John Law? Miss Harkness, whose book, "Out of Work," appeared that summer, had adopted John Law as a *nom-de-plume*.

At Ayr Burghs election, Keir Hardie, who had the assistance of Tom Mann, kept the Labour programme in evidence, and addressed meetings which pledged themselves only to support the candidate who supported the programme. The Labour colours were the same as those worn in Mid-Lanark, red and green. Shortly after the Ayr Burghs election, Keir Hardie addressed an open-air meeting at Irvine on "Politics for the People." The chair was occupied by A. Kirkland, baker, and at the close of the meeting it was agreed to form a branch of the Scottish Parliamentary Labour Party, and to name it the H. H. Champion Branch. Another branch was formed at Dreghorn, the result of a meeting addressed by Tom Mann, and presided over by John Banks.

Concurrent with the awakening of the people a literature arose, and from time to time new periodicals appeared. In June, 1888, "The Book of Lords" and "The New Book of Kings," by J. Morrison Davidson, were both in their sixth edition, and "Facts for Socialists" (Fabian tract, No. 5) was in its fifth thousand. The following papers were on sale:—"Justice," the organ of Social Democracy (weekly), one penny; the "Standard," edited by Henry George (weekly), price threepence; the "Radical," edited by George Standring (monthly), one penny; the "Christian Socialist (monthly), one penny; the "Democrat" (monthly), twopence; "Our Corner," a Socialist monthly, edited by Annie Besant, price sixpence—all published in London; the "Pioneer," a weekly Radical and Labour paper, published in Glasgow; and the

"Miner," an advanced political journal, edited by Keir Hardie (monthly), one penny, published in Ayr and edited in Cumnock. I had almost omitted "To-Day," a threepenny monthly magazine, edited by Hubert Bland, which, with delightful courage, was running "Das Capital" as a serial, and printing an occasional article from Belford Bax as light reading; the "Labour Elector," edited by H. H. Champion; and "Demos," edited by James Bartley, both monthlies.

In the opening number of the "Labour Elector," Mr. Champion wrote:

"It has been found necessary to have a periodical in which all interested in the formation of a Labour Party may be provided with information about its progress and achievements. It is beginning to be pretty well understood by working men and working women that on matters in which the interests of the labouring and of the idle classes are opposed, the press of this country, with a few honourable exceptions, tells the whole truth only by accident, and is not above wilfully distorting or suppressing the real facts. . . . The 'Labour Elector' is therefore founded in order to supply the detailed information without which the friends of the Party may be at a loss to combat the mis-statements and calumnies of the hirelings of its opponents. . . . During Parliamentary Elections in which the Labour Party are taking action, special editions will be issued, and these it is hoped will do something to abolish the disadvantages under which Independent Labour candidates are placed. . . ."

From London also came a halfpenny weekly, the "Socialist," edited by T. Bolas; and a penny weekly, the "Commonweal," edited by William Morris, and described as worth its weight in gold.

To the "Nineteenth Century," H. H. Champion had contributed an article on the New Labour Party, in which he reviewed the signs of the times and discussed a practical programme capable of immediate realisation. The first place on the programme was given to the Eight Hours Bill. He described the half-dozen Labour representatives in the House as not being able or willing to put the rights of Labour before the interests of Liberalism.

In the Church there was also a stirring of waters,

At the Lambeth Conference of Bishops, on Friday, July 6th, the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the request of the Guild of St. Matthew's, presented a memorial on Socialism signed by the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam, Frederick Verinder, and James Hill. After pointing out the evil effects of the competitive system, the memorialists proceeded to argue that with the main contentions of Socialism the Christian is not merely **able** but **bound** to agree.

In Parliament also, as if from the pressure of outside forces, there were efforts made on behalf of the workers. An Eight Hours' Mines Bill was introduced by Cunninghame Graham, and backed by the following members:—Mr. Abraham, Ben Pickard, C. A. V. Conybeare, and W. R. Cremer. It consisted of two clauses—the first prohibited any person in any one day of twenty-four hours from being employed underground in any mine for longer than eight hours from the time of his leaving the surface of the ground to the time of his ascent thereto; and the second clause imposed on employers a penalty not exceeding 40/- for each offence. The "Miner" asked the miners of the Kingdom to make the Bill a test question at every election, and to return no man to Parliament who was not sound on the subject. Numerous amendments were tacked to the Employers' Liability Bill in the direction of widening its scope. Special efforts were made to abolish the common employment theory, and to make the employer responsible for all accidents save such as were due to direct negligence of the person injured. Herein was shown the influence of Alexander Macdonald, who had fought hard for such a provision. The great leader of the miners though dead yet remained a power.

The Government had promised to give facilities for having a motion discussed calling attention to the unemployed question. The motion, though down in the name of Broadhurst, was in reality the child of Cunninghame-Graham. A date was fixed for discussion, but when the night came W. H. Smith, Conservative leader of the House, moved that the

motion be set aside to make room for a discussion on the state of national defences. This proposal was resisted without success, and the unemployment debate was shelved. Dealing with the matter at the time, Keir Hardie wrote:

"The meaning of all this is perfectly clear. Parliament doesn't want to discuss the working class questions, and will only do so under compulsion. So long as the masses suffer in silence their miseries will continue to grow. For them Parliament has no tongue, no voice. If they cannot be heard they will soon come to be felt. That which is irritating about the whole business is that the very men who burked the discussion are returned by working men, many of them will again be returned. Crowds of working men at next election will be found to cheer them and swallow open-mouthed their stale platitudes about the greatness and the grandness of the Empire, and more rot of the same kind. The only consideration left, is that conduct such as this on the part of members of Parliament is opening the eyes of an ever-increasing number of workers to the need which exists for a thorough cleansing out of the Augean Stables at St. Stephen's."

On Friday, 6th July, 1888, Charles Fenwick moved that the House of Commons should revert to the ancient custom of paying members for their services in Parliament. Mr. Haldane seconded the motion, which was defeated by 192 votes against 135. Sir John Gorst took up the position that election expenses should be paid from the rates before payment of members was arranged. In the debate, Gladstone, who, along with Asquith, voted in favour of the motion, gave some rather uncomplimentary reasons why the honour of becoming a member of the House was eagerly sought. He said that gentlemen came to the House with mixed motives, but not usually in the spirit of martyrs. Undoubtedly some were attracted by official salaries, and some were consoled, not attracted, by non-official salaries. Some came with natural and well-defined views, they often realised, of professional advancement, and others from the desire of that social distinction a position in the House commands.

Early in the year an Act had been passed in Germany making provision for compulsory insurance.

Under the new law both workers and employers contributed to the scheme, and in addition to providing benefit during sickness and accident, the law made workers at the age of seventy entitled to a pension of £9 per annum.

On 22nd July, 1888, I received a letter from a correspondent in America:—

"There is great excitement here just now over political matters. Party spirit here is very strong, amounting even to hatred. No expense is spared to boom Party causes. Ben Harrison has been nominated on Protection platform for Republican President, and Grover Cleveland on the Free Trade platform for Democratic. This will be a hot contest. Those ignorant, half-civilised, flannel-mouthed Irishmen will vote a straight ticket for Cleveland and Free Trade, and drag this country into a condition such as exists in the bogs they have left. But Free Trade here means the humiliation of the proudest empire that ever existed; the annihilation of the mightiest empire that ever was established."

In my answer I merely stated that in Britain Protection was an effete dogma. Who said Progress?

From Green Grass to Grey Streets.

"I love a lonely hour at eve,
Or in the silent night,
When o'er the soul in stillness steals
A solemn, sweet delight;
To sit and think of things long gone,
All blent with smiles and tears—
The happy scenes and sunny loves
Of long departed years."

—Peacock.

At noon, on a dreary day in the month of February, 1888, I was sitting at a desk in the country hamlet of Walkerton, bringing to an orderly close my connection with a firm of spinners and bleachers. Within a few yards from my window the river Leven flowed seaward,

bright and pellucid, bearing as yet no taint of commerce. On the road were numerous domestic fowls cackling and scraping, and heavy ducks waddled on the lip of the water. Strong men walked briskly hither and thither carrying on long poles hanks of snowy linen thread. Rosy-cheeked women, wearing shawls around their heads, brought piles of wet yarn on barrows from the cold sodden fields. A raw mist hung over the Lomond hills, and over my spirit hung the mists of apprehensiveness common to youth about to invade the great world.

On the following forenoon I was seated at a desk in Dundee, surrounded by unfamiliar forms and faces. The busy office, the active clerks, the callers, the ceaseless messages, the din of the mills and factories, the foremen coming and going, the hundreds of workers pouring from the gates, made me feel as if I had not been awake till then. And yet these things were not unfamiliar. I had known mill life and office work. That, however, was within hail of ploughmen, near green fields, and far distances and clear waters, but now I was netted in a wilderness of stone, streets and streets of mills and houses and warehouses, stony streets and high walls, and the nearest open space was covered with restless merchants and manufacturers buying and selling, haggling and bickering, moving hither and thither on the quest for profit. I saw a telephone for the first time, and marvelled greatly.

The workers in the mills and factory of the firm were of all sorts, and included characters wild and strange. Many disappeared for days and weeks and came back again with hair closely cropped. The Irish element was strong, and gave a mad liveliness to the whole. The women of the low mill and spinning flat were nearly all addicted to snuff and drink. Among the men was a grocer who had gone through a splendid business, an old sailor who had given thirty years to whaling in the Arctic regions, and a cheery vagabond of world experience, who had poured the value of a cattle ranch down his throat.

I lodged with a maternal aunt, a woman with

narrow views and a generous heart. She had no family, and as time passed she assumed more and more a proprietary interest in me, and showed an increasing solicitude for my welfare. Of quick tongue, her bark was worse than her bite, and her sharpness was that of a love too keen. Family worship was held every morning and evening, and at 10 o'clock the door was locked for the night. It was a great change from the freedom of home, where I could watch the pale moonlit clouds speed across the heavens at two of the morning. The daily double reiteration of Cameronian religious service dazed and dulled me, and in my most wicked moments it seemed a providential dispensation that brought my aunt to a bed of sickness. Religious exercise was upset by domestic necessity. I rose each morning before seven and made breakfast for her, and after taking my own, proceeded to tie up a modest cold lunch, as I did not return from the office till evening.

After office hours I was seldom outside, and I had no associates. With the regularity of a machine I went to rest at ten, and rose at seven. Having no money, I could not open sail to heavy wind, and my salary for the first quarter went to my aunt and to my tailor. The faithful trousers of light colour were discarded, and a new pair of sombre hue adopted.

The removal to the city made me uneasy and unsettled. I felt completely out of place. Even among friends I was afraid of breaking any of the established household rules, and, in consequence, I was restrained, and did few things naturally and spontaneously. I was even at the humiliating stage of telling where I was going, and when I would return. It was a phase which passed as mutual understanding increased. Yet the orderly reasonable habits of the household depressed me, and it was not unusual to rise in the morning exhausted with excess of sleep.

In my quiet days I was not without an incidental joy. I heard that certain verses were being recited in public in my native town, and the news gave me a thrill known only to minor poets. In May, the "Evening Telegraph" published a set of verses which

I had secretly woven, and this was an event of much moment.

I had studied Gœthe's "Faust" with much care and joy. Along with Tom Forbes, now Dr. Forbes, I had read "Phantasms of the Living," and we tried with considerable success to pass ideas to each other by Telepathy. Like news from a far country came a letter from a schoolmate in Edinburgh, who became the Rev. James Lyall, describing Barry Sullivan as "Hamlet." I had never been to a theatre, and those words conveyed nothing to me: "I wish you had seen him. He was a man about 65 years of age, but on the stage he looked like 30, his step was so graceful, his actions so lithe and active, and such a grand voice, even when he whispered you could catch what he said with ease. It almost set me on edge to go on the stage." Another schoolmate was then a booking clerk at the Tay Bridge Station. He is now Sir Wm. Hoy, plus war decorations, General Manager of the South African Railways.

"Sartor Resartus" and the "French Revolution" I had gone through with labour, and had enriched my vocabulary thereby.

Ever good at giving sage advice, which temperament disabled me from taking, I could urge on others the necessity of health, and, at the same time, flout my wisdom. I counselled a friend, who was troubled with his head, that it was better to be healthy and to take a good dinner than to hurt oneself trying to learn when Queen Mary got her head chopped off. It was counsel for others: I was continually allowing dreams to outbid diet.

In a fashionable quarter I had wealthy distant relations who were disposed to be kind and friendly, but I seldom went near them. Some ineradicable dourness in my nature, marked with a vein of pride, has always prevented me from having close intimacy with possessors of wealth. On one very pleasant visit I met a septuagenarian lady, who provided excellent conversation, and recited passages from Byron. I see now the slim figure, black dress, long

gold chain, thin hands, wrinkled face, straight hair, and tearful eyes. She made me realise, without effort, how much the earliest Victorians were under the spell of the incompatible and irreconcilable poet.

When the late summer came, and the plots around the Albert Institute were full of colour, I thought of the past; the responsibilities of such a time as the flower show at home, when it was left to me to write names on envelopes, to select and cut flowers, and to carry pots into the large marquee.

Visits to my native place were seldom beneficial, as the village which held so many vital memories accentuated a feeling of loneliness which was deepening in my temperament. The houses and streets and people were so impregnated with tragic associations that a return to them adversely affected my health.

In August I was persuaded to act as coxswain in a boat race on the Tay. It was in vain that I explained my utter inability to steer, as I was an inlander with no love for boating or the sea. The crew would have no other. I took my seat with trepidation, expecting that in a few minutes the thousands who lined the Esplanade would laugh me to the bottom of the deep. By exquisitely good luck the rudder broke shortly after we left starting point, and as our crew won the race, it was considered a worthy performance, and received notice in the press.

There was an elder, who visited frequently; a brief, podgy, self-sufficient person, and one who invited me to tea. He was so good and so wise that his presence was suffocation, and I purposely opposed everything he postulated, because, when he became excited, the water ran from corners of his mouth, and his pipe went out. Those symptoms were most satisfying.

In the autumn I began to write a history of my native town, and for many long months I haunted the Reference Library, and read deeply in dreary tomes. The articles appeared in a local newspaper, and caught the attention of my schoolmaster, who, being clerk to the Kirk Session, was interested in such parochial lore. So that, although I was comparatively a recluse, I

never had a minute to spare, and scarcely found time to overtake a copious correspondence.

One December night I was sitting in my room at fifteen minutes past ten reading, when I heard a call to put out lights. I remarked gloomily that it was early, but the answer came that it was no sooner than usual. I added that the number of hours which I was devoting to sleep was really hard work, and was making me ridiculous. I offered to buy a lamp, one that would be an ornament to the room, if I were allowed to be an hour or two longer awake. The proposal was not entertained. Having made up my mind to escape from the bondage of Cameronian kindness, I startled my aunt one day with the remark: "The moment I am 21, I'll be neither to hold nor to bind, I shall take my swing, though I should rue it."

Towards the end of the year the idea came of removing. It was a big question, because if I were to go into ordinary lodgings I would require to pay weekly, and as I was paid quarterly, I saw the necessity for hard saving at the start. However, it was six months later ere I took the step and entered upon a mode of life which was to continue for 16 years.

I was a member of St. Peter's Free Church choir, and an invitation to supper on Christmas Eve from the Precentor filled me with pleasure and discomfort. I was pleased with the token of goodwill and disturbed at the prospect of being in company. At no time have I enjoyed sitting down to eat with many people, and having to listen to and partake in general conversation invariably made me unhappy. It has been the result of not going into Society, and perhaps my humble upbringing had much to do with it. I could be merry and at ease when walking with a suitable companion, or when alone on a good road, but I was utterly unhinged when in a large company.

Soon after I was persuaded by our foreman calenderer, a leading Rechabite, to recite in public. I practised vigorously and by unusual exercise of will came through the ordeal. It was my first public appearance in Dundee. Meanwhile I took every advan-

tage of the Public Lending Library and read deeply. I also attended classes for French, at the College, having a most entertaining teacher in M. Durlac, a Frenchman, about fifty years of age, who went about in a dazed, abstracted manner. He walked stiffly and slowly, and his legs, owing to extreme sedentary habits, were curved like the whalebone of an antique umbrella. He spoke excellent English with quaint pronunciation, and it was refreshing to hear his ob-jek-teef and neck-a-teef. Mild in temperament he could be caustic on occasion. After asking for a difficult rule and receiving no reply he would sink back in his chair, yawn elaborately, and break the deathly silence with the remark: "You're sure to be all speaking at once when there is a rule to state."

I was looking forward to February when a new agreement regarding salary became due. I had made up my mind not to sacrifice the best of my life to commerce for a pitiable remuneration. Although patience was necessary, and hard for youth, I was convinced it could be overdone. If I did not receive substantial encouragement I would away to Japan! At this time I had already absorbed every book in the Public Library dealing with Japan, and among the clerks predicted its future power. My dreams were Japanese scenery.

Thus passed my first year of city life, and through it seemed woven speeches heard at the West Port and Greenmarket, and beautiful words and great ideals read in the works of Shelley.

The Spirit and Aim of the Pioneers.

"Nature rejects the monarch, not the man;
The subject, not the citizens: for Kings
And Subjects, mutual foes, for ever play
A losing game into each other's hands,
Whose stakes are vice and misery. The man
Of virtuous soul commands not, nor obeys.
Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanised automaton."

—Shelley.

In the previous chapter I gave an outline of my personal attitude towards the passing show, and now after the introspective glimpse, the general case may be resumed. Several of the men who were working hard to establish an independent movement in Scotland had already spent years of service in the Land Restoration cause. I refer to such men as Shaw Maxwell and John Murdoch, who both stood for Parliament in 1885.

Here is a quotation from the address of John Murdoch, to the Partick Electors, when he contested the Division:

"I mean to work in Parliament, and out of it, to restore to the people the right and the power to give effect in their respective parishes, counties, provinces, and kingdoms, to the laws of that God who has sent them into the world that they may become full grown Christian men, and be no longer the mere cogs and wheels in a landlord-made machine—Liberal or Tory. . . . We lay down principles, and feel confident that, as in the early days of the Gospel, the common people can grasp the truth and carry it to their own emancipation, when they who have been living on them are working to perpetuate their hold on power and privilege while lisping the Shibboleths of democratic reform."

In practice at present the Parliamentary Labour Party is confined almost exclusively to officials and members of Labour organisations. It is an exclusiveness which promises no abatement. The two exceptions entered through the Independent Labour Party, which, along with the Fabian Society and the Social

Democratic Party, would seem to be the only doors left open to those in the true faith, but not in a Trade Union. In this connection it is worth while quoting a few words from an article written by Keir Hardie, in 1888, to show the spirit which animated the pioneers :—

"Some hostile criticisms has been evoked by the fact that certain of the office-bearers are not *bona fide* horny-handed sons of toil. These critics go on the assumption that a Labour Party should consist of the begrimed ones only. Those who argue thus are, for the most part, they who do not wish to see any Labour Party at all, and who hope to create prejudice against the new movement by appealing to the prejudices of the working classes. It is as well that this matter should be faced at once, and made clear to all whom it may concern. The Labour Party in Scotland exists for the purpose of 'educating the people politically, and securing the return to Parliament, and all local bodies, of members pledged to its programme.' If, therefore, any one, peasant or peer, is found willing to accept the programme, and work with and for the Party, his help will be gladly accepted."

There are no indications after the lapse of thirty years of any Socialist peasant or Socialist peer being sent to represent Labour in Parliament. I sometimes feel that no party ever really trusts the people.

Here and there men announced that promises from Members of Parliament were not satisfactory securities, and that the need of the moment was a body of fighting men in the House of Commons to advance the claims of Labour. Cunninghame Graham alone voiced the aspirations of the workers in the debates at Westminster. He introduced an Eight-Hour Bill for Miners, but no facilities were given for discussion, and thereupon he withdrew it, and put it down as an abstract resolution. The resolution fared no better, as the Government would not spare time for its consideration. Graham wrote :

"No! The British House of Commons, the people's House of Commons, cannot spare half-a-day to discuss the question of an Eight-Hours Bill for the miners! Plenty of days and long weary sittings for every other subject under heaven, but for the toilers under the earth not even a discussion. Why should we bother about them? . . . . What do we care as long as coal does not go up in price, as long as we can get it at

10/- a ton to grow our orchids with? . . . . But sometimes sitting here in the House of Commons, and reflecting on the various shams of life, I wonder, I marvel, if sometime or other these blind Samsons will ever break their chains. An impulse comes, and who shall say it is a wrong impulse to endeavour (though I know it would be no good) to try to explain to these men how they are humbugged. Here all is wrong in this political life of ours, for how is it possible that a Parliament composed as ours is, can ever take up Eight-Hours Bills, or anything of the sort? . . . . It is impossible to make an omelette wthout breaking eggs. . . . No man, like myself, however much he may sympathise, can ever properly represent them; and I cannot help thinking that if we but only had ten or twelve Labour representatives from Scotland, that it would have been impossible to burke so important a question; 600,000 men who, I believe, are practically unanimous in the wish to have an Eight-Hours day by Act of Parliament, are no more heeded here than if they were 600,000 sheep, but, then, in some respects they are so like sheep—patient and dumb. I want the miners to think whether it is, after all, worth their while to take such a keen interest in politics as they do, if politics are to lead to nothing as far as they are concerned. Of course, when one comes out of a pit, dirty and begrimed, it is very refreshing to hear that Mr. Gladstone has defeated Lord Salisbury on some question about Egyptian policy. . . . ."

At this time miners earned 15/- per week, and many were in receipt of half-a-crown per day, and getting four days' work weekly. A day's darg was six tons of coal, for which the miner received thirty-pence, and a scale of deductions was in force to keep him from being unduly purse-proud. The air of a pit, especially after a shot had been fired, was not remarkable for etherial qualities, and it brought on a cough and spit which made a miner known without introduction.

Companies were extorting huge profits, and poor-houses were importing worn-out colliers. The home of a miner was four brick walls, covered in places with plaster, and, to show where the rain came in, several large dark stains marked the ceiling. The floor was laid with brick, and an occasional hole served to break the monotony. The beds were straw, not very clean, because the household coal was kept beneath the bed. In this small palace the collier's wife had to work from morn till late, sometimes with a

heavy heart, trying to solve the problem of how to feed, clothe, and educate five or six children, and to feed and clothe her man and herself, on eight shillings a week, after paying rent, coal, and off-taxes. No wonder that out of such conditions arose the men who laboured unceasingly to bring the miners into Union.

Among those men was Wm. Small, Blantyre. He was untiring in his efforts to stimulate the movement, labouring late and early to rally the miners of the county, and to secure an improvement in their condition by endeavouring to establish Union amongst them. It was rumoured at this time that he was about to leave the country. Should such have been the case the miners of Lanarkshire and of Scotland would have lost a true friend, who, in the face of opposition, cruel and false calumnies, and attacks of envy and jealousy, had unweariedly held on day by day, doing his duty with a devotion and perseverance that is always credit able, but more so when such has been done without reward, support, or sympathy from those in whose interest he was labouring. "As a miner," wrote Hardie, "I would much regret should Mr. Small leave the country, and will do what little I can to support this present movement, that the efforts made and the seed sown by determined perseverance may be crowned with success in the hands of him who, having sown in tears, may reap in joy."

Larkhall Branch of the Scottish Parliamentary Labour Party held a meeting every week, at which discussions took place on important topical subjects. The veracious chronicler tells us that on the question, "Would Socialism tend to better the Condition of the People?" D. Cunningham made a splendid case for the affirmative, and the arguments of Smillie against Socialism fell flat. Another subject was, "Is it desirable that Working Men should be sent to Parliament?" To the recruits of yesterday it will appear incredible to read of Robt. Smillie in this connection. He did not remain long however on the negative side, and through steady, slow development, at last so founded himself in Socialist faith and action that

now he is in the very first rank of fruitful pioneers, and recognised as the most powerful Labour figure in the British Empire.

H. H. Champion, who was unable to be present at the first Conference of the Scottish Parliamentary Labour Party, owing to indisposition, sent a paper to be read at the meeting. Here is a noteworthy passage:—

"At our first attempt the other day in Mid-Lanark it was found that no less than 617 voters had so far adopted our principles as to shut their eyes to the importunities and objurgations of the candidates of the classes, and record their votes in favour of the Independent Labour Candidate. You have incessantly been told by those who are interested in discouraging you that this was a very small result. Much smaller results have in the past led to successes which I for one would be well pleased to see us gain. When Mr. J. G. Biggar, like a second St. Patrick, started on his mission to drive sham Liberalism out of Ireland, his first attempt ended in his getting 89 votes. When Mr. Parnell stood for County Wicklow in 1874, as a rival Home Rule candidate, he got only 513 votes, and did not succeed in securing the defeat of the other Nationalist candidate. . . . We are in a much better position than they were."

At the Trades' Union Congress, held at Bradford in 1888, the Eight-Hour question was the subject of greatest interest, and in the vote of the trades 22,720 voted in favour of an eight-hour day and 4,097 against. Those in favour of obtaining it by Act of Parliament were 17,267 for and 3,819 against. For the second time the Annual Congress declared in favour of Land Nationalisation. The Congress was visited by French delegates, and from their speeches it transpired that the Municipal Council of Paris had set aside £1,400 to enable deputations of workmen to visit the Exhibitions at Glasgow, Copenhagen, and Barcelona. In the evening Keir Hardie presided over a gathering at which the Frenchmen spoke and answered questions, Adolphe Smith acting as interpreter. This was Mr. Hardie's second Congress. At the Swansea Congress in 1887, when he tilted at Broadhurst, he was afterwards spoken of obliquely by Charles Fenwick in those terms:—"There are some men and some movements who are like Jonah's gourd in this, that they

spring up in a night and wither in a night." The divination of Fenwick has proved unreliable.

On Sunday evening, in connection with the Bradford Congress, a sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. A. Hamilton to such delegates as cared to enter the handsomely appointed Methodist Chapel. He told his hearers that it was a mistake for the poor to grumble at their misery, as all real misery was among the rich. Unemployed workmen were not nearly so miserable as men of wealth, and he advocated work for the rich and free education for the poor. Keir Hardie was in the audience, and his reference to the occasion ran in these words:—

"Probably the delegates had gone through the fire before, and hence the reason why they stayed away. I was a stranger, and they took me in! The evening meeting had one good result. On coming out I found a Socialist and his wife wrestling to distribute bills to the people, announcing a lecture by Mrs. Cunninghame Graham on the following evening. As there were four gates, and only two people to serve bills, I thought I would apply the minister's advice, and do some useful work, by helping to distribute the bills, which I did to the infinite disgust of some brother delegates."

The fight for free speech in Trafalgar Square had been followed with intense interest by advanced men in Scotland, and the man with the Red Flag was a world figure. Little did the scared authorities or hopeful Social Democrats dream that he would become a Cabinet Minister and President of the Local Government Board. In a leading article, the "North British Daily Mail" said:—"John Burns is a man with a loud voice, an unfortunate gift of making speeches, but has no money, and possibly never will have any."

Even Editors live to be surprised!

More or Less Intimate Items.

"Yet once it was the busiest haunt,
Whither, as to a common centre, flocked
Strangers, and ships, and merchandise:
Once peace and freedom blessed
The cultivated plain.
But wealth, that curse of man,
Blighted the bud of its prosperity:
Virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty,
Fled, to return not until man shall know
That they alone can give the bliss
Worthy a soul that claims
Its kindred with eternity!"

—Shelley.

From Cornwall to Cape Wrath the people were absorbed in the doings and disclosures of the Parnell Commission. This intense interest continued throughout 1889, and simultaneously with the dramatic development of the Commission, Balfour was sending Irish Members of Parliament to prison by the dozen. Wm. O'Brien had his clothes forcibly torn off his back by gaolers: Dr. Tanner was chased by the police among the hills of Clare: Asquith was making the reputation which led him to the Premiership.

A work of historical research which had occupied my spare time for many months was finished, and I began to observe the conditions of life around me. The slums of Dundee at that time were said to be the worst in Europe, but as I had never seen the slums before, I roamed about them without fear. At the High School gate, Greenmarket, and West Port, I heard speakers of various creeds and various talents. I was at home in the Art Galleries, and frequented the College lectures. I began to visit regularly the shop of David Fawns, barber, which was situated on the south-side of Scouringburn, now known as Brook Street. This shop was the rendezvous of Radical thinkers, both in religion and economics. Irishmen of the most militant

kind denounced the Government and the "Times," while a handful of Socialists held the pass against all invaders. I even went into Society sometimes, but still it all my existence was humdrum.

They say that a man of temperate habits, who eats little, drinks sparingly, and refrains from excitement, eschews worry, and keeps cheerful, has every chance of living to a good old age. I very nearly qualified, and but for a gift of humour I might have been a vegetable.

The young men with whom I worked were devoted to parties, and I was invited to several evening functions, until it was discovered that the invitations were unreturning. I could not abide an excess of excellent pastry and small talk, and, with all their sociability, the Dundonians were hard in their manners. They were restrained, and seemed to have been consulting immediately prior to the party, Sandy Clement's book on etiquette, "that tell't them a' about it." The drinking of tea, making of weak jokes, the playing of insipid parlour games, I could not enjoy: rather commend me to a political squabble among Gala-town weavers, where there was a chance of hearing original expression.

On the 10th of January, 1889, I visited Dundee Parliament for the first time, and as an onlooker. The subject of debate was "Home Rule for Scotland," and the speeches were of considerable ability. The sitting was held in the Town Council Chambers, the quaint furniture and coloured windows giving a fine and necessary illusion of a miniature House of Commons. Of the 70 members present, 60 were more or less bald. I was greatly interested, and little did I dream that this Chamber was destined to produce the group of men who formed the independent Labour movement, and gave it local permanence.

On the following night I was leaving my lodgings for a short walk before going to bed, when, after passing a pair of lovers at the foot of the stair, I met a soldier in kilts. He was tipsy, but not extremely so. He was vowing to himself if he got that fellow he would

murder him. He came out to the head of the street with me; then, all at once he took off his belt and bonnet and threw down his stick. Whether he had mistaken me for the young man who had gone upstairs with the young woman, I know not, but I received a full-handed blow on the forehead before I realised the frenzy of my assailant. Unwilling to be found in a street brawl, I took shelter in the nearest entry, but he followed like a wild bull, and we came to grips in the dark. I held his arms, and, in spite of all his efforts, with hands and knees, he failed to hurt me. An ex-soldier of long service, hearing the noise in the passage, and the clamour in the street, came out of his house and dragged me inside. My temples were sore, my thumb was staved, and my nerves were wrecked. The drama was not yet complete. After resting a while, I proposed to return to my lodgings, but my benefactor would not let me go alone. My assailant had been in wait, and no sooner did the light fall from the doorway into the dark entry, than a kilted figure came like a cyclone towards us. Verily, the way of transgressors is hard. His foot caught the doorstep, and he fell with a dreary thud. His enterprise had come to an end. I was advised to give him in charge, but declined. He was a stranger to me, and I was a stranger to him. I record this incident to show how an accidental episode may affect a person to the end of his days. My nervous system has never regained its aplomb since, and requires continual care of the will.

In the country I had no opportunity of hearing great singers, and a new world was opened to me when I heard Marie Roze, and a niece of the famous Titiens. There was a violinist, too, and I thought if Willie Reedie had heard that wonderful fiddling, he would have consigned his precious fiddle to the flames forthwith. Signor Foli was there, and I marvelled at the rich round full notes, away deep down as the familiar Eliza Pit. I was so affected by the music that on the Sunday following the concert I walked to Broughty Ferry to restore my nerves.

In my short life I had seen much of the sufferings

of the poor, and the injustices to which poverty made them submit. When I heard one day of an unjust act against a friend, I wrote:—

"We are grown so familiar with calamity that it has almost bred contempt. Do not make yourself worse by fretting over this old friend, misfortune. We shall get the better of him some day. What hurts me is the ingratitude of employers; faithful service is unrecognised and superseded to give way for fitful convenience."

The following note will show the thoughts that were pressing upon me, and will indicate my estimation of politics:—

"The British workman is hard-headed, independent, and practical—at election times. These qualities are not attributed to the working class by the working class. Such testimony of mettle is given by those of other classes who wish to wield the power which the pliant possessors have as yet failed to value. They know that they will soon arrive at human weakness after paying toll to human vanity. The man who buys your labour for profit, when he bids for your vote, seeks, through your suffrage, the same end. Flattery and favours do not go together. Flattery addresses you with hand out of pocket. When Toil is addressed by Trade arrayed in sweated garments, wearing a golden chain whose links are worn lives, and speaking with a voice which has quoted merchandise so cheap as to endanger 'a living wage'; let Toil be prepared to be asked for what Trade fears most and Toil should prize most."

Three decades have not modified this point of view! Here is another jotting in pencil on an odd scrap of paper:—

"To offer one's life for a cause is the highest tribute that can be paid to an idea. . . . Necessity has demanded a new idea of freedom, and it is now when people see that they are spoiled, subjugated, and terrorised, because the product of their own labour and inventions are monopolised by a few whose sympathies are founded on quite different experiences, that the people should demand the control of their own destinies."

Or, what of this rapid scribble:—

"To be before your time may be greatness, but it is not easy. Such lives are hard and painful, because the age is uncongenial. He who would be a seer must be a sufferer, and the quick martyrdom of early times is not to be compared to the troubled life of him who is in act and word a continual reproof to his generation."

I spent a week-end in May, at Cults, with Forbes, who was on the eve of setting out for Edinburgh University. His people were stiff, abrupt, and extremely kind. In the plain, ivy-clad parish church, with its outside stair and bell, his father delivered an earnest, closely-reasoned sermon, and as we all returned to the quiet manse where Sir David Wilkie was born, I had no consciousness of jute. In the evening we wandered among the tombs, Forbes advocating the cultivation of memory on a system then widely advertised, and I holding out for natural memorisation. The discussion ended before a tombstone, from which some lines were to be memorised. Years afterwards he challenged me to repeat the lines, which ran—

> "Death came with gentle care
> The opening bud to heaven conveyed
> And bade it blossom there!"

I only saw them once, and I write them now from that memory, and how far they are correct, I cannot say.

For months I had been considering whether I could educate myself for law, and had been making enquiries. I abandoned the idea, intending to do my best where I was employed, and held the faith that Fate would disclose herself as to my career. My health was far from being satisfactory, and I had painful campaigns against the east wind. A gleam of sunshine made me think of the garden at home, and speculate as to the progress my father had made with his flowers. I looked with yearning and pity at the window boxes as I passed along the streets.

One day a draper from Edinburgh came to lodge in the house with me. I liked my lodgings as I liked most things.

I began to find a congenial spirit in the senior clerk—a fair, bashful, humorous, musical, studious young man— and we sometimes walked into the country together. I remember especially a walk from Newport to Wormit along the shores of the Tay, after having crossed in the boat. It was a beautiful day, and it was like a divine draught to the soul to see the green fields and grey waters after a week at the desk.

We spent the afternoon lying on the grass by the sea, each taking his turn to read aloud from Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona." A little variety was introduced by trying who would throw pebbles farthest out to sea. We returned in a state of hunger.

The chiefest day was that of a visit from my mother. To see the face and hear the voice again! I was back into the old world, the unforgettable time, the hallowed associations, and loving memories, all the more cherished since new forces were trying to obliterate them. I had found it hard to doff the old and don the new. I was instinctively conservative with deep attachment and reverence for the old and faded. I was ever ready to champion the scenes and friends of my boyhood: in truth, I was not a Dundonian. I was living among the citizens, but I was not of them. I lacked the intimacies which draw out and inspire, and comforted myself with the reflection that slow acquirement might be a true test of desirability. I was not afraid of the world, having books, sanity, a nose for fresh air, and the love of friends, and I had the will to do my duty by my times.

On the 30th day of May, 1889, I attended a meeting in the Kinnaird Hall, when R. B. Cunninghame Graham was the principal speaker. It was the first time I had seen the man.

24/12/1973

First Glimpse of Cunninghame-Graham.

Those gilded flies
That, basking in the sunshine of a court,
Fatten on its corruption—what are they?
The drones of the community. They feed
On the mechanic's labour; the starved hind
For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield
Its unshared harvests; and yon squalid form,
Leaner than fleshless misery, that wastes
A sunless life in the unwholesome mine,
Drags out in labour a protracted death
To glut their grandeur; many faint with toil,
That few may know the cares and woes of sloth.

—Shelley.

In Bank Street, Dundee, immediately opposite the huge premises from which Messrs. Leng issue numerous successful and stodgy miscellanies, stands the Kinnaird Hall. At that time it was the largest hall in the city, and, as far as I know, it may still preserve that distinction. On this summer evening, I entered the hall alone, and discreetly took a back seat. The area was not particularly well filled, and the audience sat stolid and undemonstrative. It was almost exclusively a working-class audience, and over the scene there seemed to hang a grey cloud of weariness. The arrival of the platform party did not help matters, the handful of men on the spacious platform making a miserable show.

The chairman, having finished his introductory remarks, called upon the speaker of the evening. From his side there arose a tall, spare man, dressed in a brown suit of Melton cloth. The suit was fashionably cut, and the double-breasted jacket fitted his lithe figure to a nicety. It was an arresting presence: a personality which would have seemed quite at home in a picture by Velasquez. Standing uprightly on somewhat long feet, he looked at the gathering with burning intuitive eyes, which seemed to instantly diagnose the human material on which he had to work, and then after running his thin hands swiftly backwards through

a thick crop of upstanding dark hair, he began to speak. There was a touch of hesitancy and difficulty in his pronunciation at first, but it soon passed away. The long thin face, with its high narrow forehead and pointed brown beard, glowed with animation, and from his mouth came rapid sentences which vied in brilliancy the light of his eyes.

It was Graham!

The audience gave no sign of being impressed: not a cheer; not an interjection; not a sound. With impassioned periods Graham portrayed the helplessness and misery of the poor, and urged them to send men to Parliament who knew their needs and aspirations. The dour, cold, human mass was irresponsive. Then came a change over the speaker. He ceased to urge and to exhort. The expression of his countenance altered, and he poured over them a torrent of satire and cynicism. In so many words he told them they were not men at all, and that they had not the heart to feel for their kind, nor the intellect to vote and work for their own protection. His cutting remarks became unbearable, I could see men begin to shift in their seats, a few interjections were made, and all at once there came over the audience a wave of fierce resentment.

Again there was a change in the speaker's expression, and in kindly words, mixed strangely with pride, banter, and humour, he told them how glad he was to see their manhood emerge. From that point onward the mind of the meeting was open to receive Socialist ideas, and the opportunity was not allowed to pass unseized. I sat listening and observing as if it were a drama.

Let us trace backwards a few of Graham's utterances, movements, and experiences.

On the 27th May he had visited Newcastle, in response to an invitation from a number of workmen. He was presented with an address, and in the evening he spoke to a great meeting on Labour questions. He expressed the belief that if there was in Parliament a group of members pledged to promote legislation

specially affecting Labour, they would, in time, command power sufficient to enforce the acceptance of their views. He discussed the questions of unemployment and Labour representation, and in the Press reports he was referred to as the President of the Scottish Labour Party.

On 25th May, Henry George, who had been making a tour of the country, wrote to the "Star," in reply to a letter from the Member for North-West Lanark, as follows:—

"Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., points out the error of thinking 'that those who hold the opinions of Karl Marx are in accord with Mr. Henry George,' and says, 'it is competition that has to be fought, and Mr. Henry George, so far as I can see, does not propose to fight it.' Mr. Graham is right. I do not propose to fight competition, but to fight all special privileges, monopolies, and imposts, that prevent or hamper competition. If Mr. Graham and the Socialists are engaged in fighting competition, they have company—for, from Russian Absolutists to American Protectionists and Land Grabbers, that is what the classes as disguised from the masses are everywhere doing. And if Mr. Graham will endeavour briefly to state how he would end competition, I think he will see that when competition shall have ended freedom will be ended. The evils to which Mr. Graham is keenly alive—unemployed labour and low wages, the unnatural toil of women and children, the existence of widespread and bitter want in the midst of what seems like a very excess of productive power—do not come from too much freedom, but from too much restriction. They are not to be cured by imposing more restrictions, but by abolishing restrictions. And the most fundamental and important of all these restrictions is that which restricts to some of its tenants the right to use the planet. Abolish this, secure again the equal right to the use of the earth, and competition will become co-operation."

The local branch of the National Labour Electoral Association drew up a petition, on 4th May, 1889, requesting Graham to contest Dundee in the interest of Labour at the first election. On the 13th May the Radical Association passed resolutions expressing unqualified condemnation of the neglect by Mr. Firth, M.P., of the vital interests of Radicalism since he entered Parliament for the city, and requested him to resign his seat at once in order that the city might obtain a real and not a shoddy representative. Firth had been newly-appointed to a salaried office on the

London County Council. Between those dates, on the 6th of May, a meeting was held in the Gilfillan Memorial Hall, when Henry George was presented with an address from the Trades Council, in recognition of the valuable services he had rendered to Labour. The meeting was largely attended, and several leading Trades Unionists spoke.

A mass meeting of miners was held in Falkirk Town Hall on Thursday, 18th April. The miners entered the town in processions, accompanied by instrumental bands, from the districts of Slamannan, Shieldhill, Redding, Newflats, and Carron. At a meeting of the Miners' Council previous to the demonstration, it was intimated that the Home Secretary had made up his mind to appoint a working man from the district as a member of the Royal Commission on Mines. The meeting unanimously recommended Chisholm Robertson for the post, and in due time he received the appointment. Cunninghame Graham was the principal speaker at the mass meeting, and in his speech he advocated an Eight-Hours' Bill, maintaining that the passing of the Bill would lead to the reduction of the number of the unemployed by one half, and would do more for working men than the adoption of any other political reform. On the Monday following, a conference of the miners' delegates was held in the Waterloo Rooms, Glasgow. Chisholm Robertson presided. There were eight persons present, including Cunninghame Graham, M.P., Shaw Maxwell, and Keir Hardie. In regard to the eight-hours' question, Graham traced the movement, and stated that, while two years ago, it was confined to miners, it had now spread to other trades, which, he thought, was a sure sign that the arguments were based on a sound economic basis. When at any time he brought the subject of the eight-hours up in Parliament, it was usually referred to as one of Cunninghame Graham's hobbies, and did not, of course, require to be attended to.

On Tuesday, 10th April, Dr. Clark moved a resolution in favour of Home Rule for Scotland. In his

speech he advocated Federal Parliaments, and looked forward to the time when there would be a United States of Europe. Graham gave the resolution earnest and emphatic support, and Gladstone made an eloquent non-committal speech. The resolution was lost by 121 votes.

Graham, on Tuesday, 5th March, moved an amendment in reference to the social conditions of the working class. He contended that in almost every trade, workmen laboured under excessive hours. This was a social scandal that demanded the immediate attention of the House. After referring to the hours worked for small wages in the services of the various companies, he asked why it was that these things commanded so little sympathy or indignation from the House. He feared it was on account of the interest which honourable members had as shareholders in such concerns. The amendment was rejected by a majority of 128 votes.

Verily, the Laird of Gartmore did not allow the grass to grow under his feet, or his enthusiasm to fret itself out without valiant effort.

First Glimpse of Keir Hardie.

How many a rustic Milton has passed by,
Stifling the speechless longings of his heart
In unremitting drudgery and care!
How many a vulgar Cato has compelled
His energies, no longer tameless then,
To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail!
How many a Newton, to whose passive ken
Those mighty spheres that gem infinity
Were only specks of tinsel fixed in heaven
To lighten the midnights of his native town.
—Shelley.

At the meeting where I first saw Graham, there was another speaker. He was a sturdily-built man of medium height, and gave the impression of consider-

able chest strength. His movements were slow and angular, the movements of one who might have known hard physical work, and as he stepped forward on the platform I could see it was to him a position not familiar enough to breed unconcern. His dark brown hair was long and plentiful; beard, brown-red and bushy, flowing over a broad chest; brow, white and spacious, like that of a philosopher; eyes, hazel and watchful, not too large; nose, short and broad; mouth and chin, not discernable, but strangely hinting at a weakness for sensuous good things. He wore a suit of navy blue serge, and across the double-breasted waistcoat, from over the shoulder, were several long threads of thin silver chain. He looked older than his 33 years. in 1889

When he began to speak it was with hesitancy. Evidently, speechmaking was not play to him, but rather a torture to soul and body. Slowly and with difficulty he quarried from his memory words to express his meaning, faltering now and then as if on the verge of a breakdown, his tongue cleaving dryly to the roof of his mouth in the nervous labour of speech. Rooted to one spot on the platform, heels brought firmly together, never giving way to gesture, he looked like a statue with living eyes and limping tongue.

It was a capital address all the same, full of ripe sense, shrewd and reasonable, and expressed in clear forcible language. His harsh voice and harsh manner were covered by earnestness and personal style of thought and expression. He resumed his seat to the plaudits of men who though unconverted to the new Gospel of Independent Labour, were ready to acknowledge sincerity and reasonableness.

Such was my first glimpse of Keir Hardie, and within a few months I was destined to see him at closer quarters.

The Trades Union Congress was held in Dundee in that same year, 1889, and it was also the year of the London Dock Strike, in which Burns, Champion, Mann, and Tillett created universal reputations. During the Congress week, on 3rd September, Mr. Firth, M.P.,

died in Switzerland, and the local vacancy thus caused, brought about a bye-election. A demonstration was held on the 5th September, in front of the High School gate, on behalf of the London Dockers, at which speeches were made by Graham, Hardie, Dr. Aveling, and Mrs. Graham. From the demonstration sprang a meeting of Socialists and Labourists favourable to direct representation of Labour in Parliament. This small meeting of enthusiasts was held in Tally Street Hall, and the intention was to run John Burns for the vacancy. I went to the meeting on my own initiative, and knew, personally, no one present. The chair was occupied by Graham, but only for a few minutes, because ere the business was scarcely under weigh, he got into hot water. One of the audience enquired whether Burns was to be run as a Liberal, and the question not being answered to the satisfaction of certain parties, the meeting got slightly out of hand. Graham lost his temper, and in a towering rage told the faithful that they were only fit to be represented by Capitalists, and thereupon he bounced out of the hall. Hardie whispered to a young man next him to follow Graham, and then quietly took the chair. The young man as I discovered in later years was John Carnegie. The meeting was soon brought round by Hardie, and we were all willing (without qualification) to take a hand in the contest. Meanwhile, Graham went striding on like a man possessed, out past the Nine Wells, with John Carnegie at his heels. At last he cooled down, and deigned to offer John a few epigrams on the stupidity of the working man. The return journey was more leisurely, and when they reached the foot of Tally Street, Graham stopped for a little and looked up at the hall. John said nothing, and Graham walked away again. This little comedy occurred several times, until he proposed that they should go and see how the meeting was getting on, and they entered the hall to find the meeting unanimous for Burns.

A telegram was despatched that same night asking Burns to contest the constituency, and a reply was received next morning acceding to the request. Public

feeling was aroused, and a mass meeting of sympathisers was held on the Shore Terrace, on Saturday, 7th September, at which a resolution was carried unanimously endorsing the candidature of Burns. The speakers were Graham and Hardie.

In the evening a meeting was held in the Y.M.C.A. Rooms, when over 250 names were handed in to form a Committee, and John Addison and Joseph Carr were appointed joint-secretaries. Immediately afterwards a letter was received from Burns which caused the committee great uneasiness. He began to water his assent, and stipulated that the approval of all the Trades Unions and Labour bodies should be guaranteed before he entered upon the contest.

Meanwhile, the Liberals had been interviewing some of their prominent men, who, without exception, refused to stand against Burns. Then there arrived on the scene one who in his day carried through many difficult transactions for the Liberal Party, and in the end received poor reward. I refer to Marjoribanks, afterwards Lord Tweedmouth. He came and went in one day. It was supposed that he returned to London, where he made an offer of the Battersea seat at the first election to Burns, on condition that he withdrew from Dundee. At anyrate, a letter was received from Burns on the following day withdrawing his name, and giving as his reason that he was to contest Battersea, of which he had a preference. The Liberals held a meeting in Lamb's Hotel, on the 10th September, at which John Leng, proprietor of the "Dundee Advertiser," was unanimously adopted as their candidate. Our men at once requisitioned Tom Mann to stand, but he declined, and eventually our committee and enthusiasm collapsed like a cask without hoops. Leng was returned fifteen days later unopposed.

Graham: His Maiden Speech.

Man is of soul and body formed for deeds
Of high resolve, on fancy's boldest wing
To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn
The keenest pangs to peacefulness, and taste
The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield.
—Shelley.

When Shaw Maxwell stood for Blackfriars and Hutchesontown Division of Glasgow, in 1885, he met a stranger in Union Street, who introduced himself as his Liberal opponent. He was a tall, lithe, brown young man, who had recently arrived from the grassy plains of Mexico, and bore the somewhat ample name, Robert Bontine Cunninghame Graham. The two young men, in the shelter of a doorway, discussed the political situation, and Graham accepted an invitation to a meeting that same night in Wellington Palace, where Maxwell was due to speak. It was a big meeting and enthusiastic: not unlike a Labour meeting of the present day. The Land Restoration League included some perfervid and able speakers, who knew the meaning of democracy. The chair was occupied by a crofter fresh from the land war in the Western Isles. Graham did not go to the platform, but from a front seat in the area he followed the speeches with great eagerness. The ideas which had long been simmering in his head were being clothed in words and adorned with reason. From that night he was not in the field, and did not pursue his candidature. Maxwell polled 1158 votes!

It was in the month of January, 1887, that Graham made his maiden speech in Parliament. To read it again, after the lapse of years, is to make one long for a return of its style and courage. Success has tamed the Labour Party; the politician has encompassed the reformer. Graham made his debut during a debate on the Queen's Speech. He said:—

"I am struck by the evident desire which prevails in it to do nothing at all. Not one word do I see about reducing taxation; not one word of effort to bridge over the awful chasm existing between the poor and the rich; not one word of sympathy for

the sufferers from the present commercial and agricultural depression. It contains nothing but platitudes and views of society through a little pink glass. To read the speech one would think that at the present moment this happy country was passing through one of the most active periods of commercial prosperity it had ever known. . . . One would think that poverty, drunkenness, prostitution, and wretchedness were in a fair way to be utterly extirpated; and one would think further that Great Britain had made the first important stride towards that millennium when the Irish landlord will cease from troubling and when the landlords and tenants will lie down in amity and finally be at rest.

After this ironical attack on the Cabinet he proceeded to tilt at monarchy in a spirit of merry Republicanism now extinct. As witness:—

"Of course it is a matter for congratulation that this country has not been suddenly called upon to enter a Quixotic crusade to place Prince Alexander of Battenberg upon the throne of Bulgaria and for small mercies I suppose we must be thankful. If this unlucky nation had to forego the pleasure of paying for the vagaries of Prince Alexander, it still has a pretty large group of needy Royalties who are placed on the Civil List."

Then followed a satirical reference to the occupation of Egypt by British troops and the rapacity of bondholders:—

"It would be expecting too much to find in the Speech when our troops will be withdrawn from their inactivity in that pestilential region and from playing the ungrateful role of oppressors of an already downtrodden nationality. But no. The bond-holders must have their pound of flesh. We must protect the so-called high road to India by the Suez Canal in order that the very last straw might be laid on the unfortunate Fellaheen, and that British money and British treasure might be poured out like water. I forgot the 'cent. per cent.' We went to Egypt by the advice of that illustrious statesman and economist who raised the art of carpet bagging from its primitive rudeness into a political science, and who so well illustrated the scriptural injunction, 'When they persecute you in one city, flee to another.'"

The historical disruption of the Liberal Party had taken place over the question of Home Rule, and erstwhile prominent Liberals were trying their best to adapt themselves to association with the Party they had so long opposed. Graham continued:—

"The question is how did this Government come in, and here is the humour of it. They came in by the help of the pseudo-

Liberals, the crutch and toothpick gentlemen, through the assistance of that feeble Union ladder which, having been used and abused, was being kicked aside into the dunghill. I was delighted to see how the noble lord last night treated his Unionist allies, to observe that after having betrayed their master, like Judas Iscariot, there was but one resource for them, and that was to go and hang themselves, and to see how these superior persons fell out and bespattered one another. I thought to myself, 'How these mugwumps love one another.' This Government reminds me of Pope's flies in amber:—

> 'The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare.
> But wonder how the devil they got there.'"

The noble lord was Lord Randolph Churchill. I saw him a few years later, a prematurely spent man. Sallow, small-looking, as if he had contracted in flesh and frame and force, I almost regretted having seen him. His speech was slow, his utterance laboured and nearly inarticulate, and his spirit fireless. What a pathetic reminder of ardent versatility!

"Personally, I regret the resignation of the noble lord as I have always admired his parabolic course. The noble lord's resignation has saddened me, as children are saddened when they see a rocket spout up and are all unaware that it will fall down a stick. Where is the noble lord now? Yesterday he was, today he is not; he is gone like the froth on licensed victuallers' beer or the foam on petroleum champagne, leaving Her Majesty's Government alone, unaided, to wrestle with the difficulties of the situation—and to give their careful consideration to all the matters pertaining to their functions."

Then, as now, Ireland occupied the stage; and then, as now, her performance was accepted as a lively turn. Westminster is the Irish national theatre; her native players come over to act the farce of politics and charge the appreciative English, Scots, and Welsh nothing for the entertainment. The company and the properties are maintained by the Irish in America, who are not yet tired of political drama.

"With respect to Ireland, I have eminent qualifications for dealing with that subject, for many reasons. First, I have never been there; but sitting next to Nationalist Members I have gained of late something of a national colour, and I once knew an Irish commercial traveller who imparted to me various facts quite unattainable by the general public. I also gained much information from the honourable member from Camborne, who has recently been staying with the nobility and gentry of that country. From these sources I have conceived a warm respect and regard

for that much-abused and down-trodden class, the Irish landlords, who are held in the deepest affection by their tenants. As to the Glenbeigh evictions, the landlords have been held up to most unjust obliquy, as they were most kind to their tenants, whom in fact they kept in cotton wool, and for whom they prepared good blazing fires for them to warm their hands by. It is true the tenants' houses furnished the flames. . . . The homes destroyed in Glenbeigh were no doubt as dear to the poor peasant in his lonely village on the stony mountain side in the far west as is the shoddy mansion in South Kensington to the Capitalist, as is Hadden Hall to its owner, or as is Buckingham Palace to the absentee owner of that dreadful building. The few obscure peasants in an out-of-the-way corner of Ireland may prove to have given a blow to that society in which one works in order that another may enjoy the fruit—that society in which the Capitalist makes heaven for 30,000, and Hell for 30,000,000—that society whose proudest achievement is this dreary waste of mud and stucco that they call London, full of misery, destitution, want, and glaring social inequalities."

A feeble, compromising Party, will never attract coppers—poverty accompanies impotence in politics. A courageous, big-natured Party will never lack support, even from the very poor. To-day, there is not a member of the Labour Party in Parliament who has the nerve to advocate Republicanism, and to ask the abolition of the hereditary principle both in Second Chamber and Monarchy!

John Ogilvy.

We mix from many lands,
We march from very far;
In hearts and lips and hands,
Our staffs and weapons are—
The light we walk in darkens sun and moon and star.
—Swinburne.

It is an enjoyable drive from Lochee to Birkhill on a fair autumn afternoon, and the journey, though short, is like an adventure. The traveller, having been deposited by tramway at the terminus opposite the school, finds he has fifteen minutes to wait on a wag-

gonette which plies between the industrial suburb of Lochee and the rural village of Birkhill. In the gardens near are plenty late roses and early chrysanthemums, and just as one gazes sufficiently long through the iron railings at the floral beauties the diligence appears. The conveyance is weather worn, the horse homely, and the driver ancient.

I took a seat on the box, and as we jogged past the wooden demesne of Camperdown and many spacious fields of yellow corn, I gave free rein to fancy. The sun shone, the breeze was mild, and the pace of the steed was slow. I dismounted as in a dream.

"Yes, he's in," said the handsome young woman, with a happy smile; "come in and he will see you in a few minutes."

When he did appear, leaning on the arm of the young woman, I could not speak for a little. I did not expect to find him so frail. He sank into an armchair, and for a moment gathered his breath. Soon, however, we were engaged in conversation, and as time wore on he became keen and animated. It was then I saw again the John Ogilvy I knew of old.

"I read three papers weekly," he said "'The Labour Leader,' 'Reynolds,' and 'Modern Society.' I read the latter as an antidote to 'Reynolds.'"

"Morrison Davidson still keeps his end up," I remarked.

"Grand man, Davidson; I always read his articles," added John.

"It's a blessing he never got into Parliament. He is too good for politics," I said.

"Public candidature of any kind is distasteful work. I once stood for the Town Council," remarked John, with a twinkle in his eye; "it was a revelation. I had no idea people could find so many faults in one human being. A friend of mine gave up his candidature because the people metaphorically threw the bones of his great grandfather at him."

John Ogilvy was for many years Secretary of the Dundee Radical Association, and known far and near because of his skill in getting eminent public men to

make pronouncements on burning questions. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyle he often engaged in correspondence. One day he was asked to take the chair for William Morris at a meeting to be held in Buchan's Hall, in Barrack Street. John, however, at that time knew nothing about Morris or Socialism, and declined the honour, which ultimately fell to his friend, James Aimer. Morris stayed with John during his visit, much to the consternation of John's landlady, who had discovered that the visitor was a Socialist.

"The mannie that gaed awa' wis a Socialist," she gasped.

"What aboot that, has he taken your fender and fireirons?" asked John.

At the International Congress, held at Paris in 1889, he again met Morris, for whom he had a great reverence. Morris was so modest and companionable. At Paris John represented the Scottish Labour Party, and Keir Hardie was delegate for Ayrshire Miners' Union. Two delegates from Scotland and twenty from England formed the complete British delegation, and some amusement was created during the discussions when the Scots interjected corrections where the term "English" was used by speakers instead of "British." The return of 26 Socialists to the German Reichstag in July of that year had caused a sensation, but the triumph of a united Congress was not forthcoming. There was a Marxist Congress and Possibilist Congress; indeed, there were two congresses, and John Burns, who was then referred to in the Press as "John Burns, the Socialist," with amazing zeal and impartiality, spent his time between the two congresses. Among the signatories to the convocation of the Marxist meeting were Graham and Hardie, and the former acted as chairman one morning, when he made a speech in Spanish, French, and English. The Secretaries of the British Section were William Morris and Keir Hardie, the former representing the Socialist League. Paul Lafargue delivered the opening address, and afterwards Vaillant and Liebknecht were elected Presidents. Many and varied attempts were made to

bring the two congresses together, but, at last, the German Section, led by Liebknecht, intimated decisively that the only way to union was for the Possibilist to come under the Marxist roof. On behalf of the Scottish Labour Party a report was submitted by Hardie, in which, *inter alia*, he said:—

"I may add that we are a cold-blooded, practical, northern people, and in our opinion, if progress is to be made, it must come as the result of something more tangible than talking of a bloody revolution in which nobody there believes, and which would do no good there if inaugurated to-morrow. The proposal for an Eight Hour Bill has done more to rally the working classes than all else which had gone before, though I am free to admit that to a large extent we are reaping where our comrades of the Socialist League and others have sown. Cunninghame Graham, Member of Parliament, and one of our prominent members, has brought this eight hours' question to the front so successfully and with such courage that it is now being taken up perforce by the ordinary politician. It must soon become a question of practical politics. . . ."

John Burns spoke in favour of an Eight Hour Bill, and declared to the Marxists that in future he would continue his propaganda work chiefly to this one proposal.

In Germany meetings of Socialists could not be held to elect delegates owing to the powers of the police and those who were present at the Congress carried with them mandates which had been signed by individual Socialists. In one case the credentials of a delegate had been signed privately by five thousand Comrades.

"You met Burns when he came to Dundee during the railway strike?" I asked, just by way of filling in the odd moments of waiting for the "Birkie Bus."

"Yes; he and Sandy Haddow came North," replied John; "Burns came to my house before the meeting. He was difficult to humour. He would neither take a 'nip' nor a cigar—and what can you make of a man like that? Sandy came to the rescue, and Burns thawed. On the way to the Gilfillan Hall he asked me how many would be at the meeting, and I mentioned three or four hundred as being a likely number."

"That wouldn't please," I interjected; "the London

speaker expects Hyde Park demonstrations in rural hamlets."

"He wasn't pleased," continued John, "far from it, and he threatened to speak for a quarter-of-an-hour only. Then I put it to him this way: if you speak for fifteen minutes the papers will give you two inches, if thirty minutes, four inches, and so on. He saw the sense of my remark, and when once he had begun his address I thought he was never going to stop."

"But Tom Mann spoke in Dundee before the visit of Burns?"

"Oh, yes; it was in Buchan's Hall. A fine speaker, but had the usual London weakness for numbers at meetings. I took the chair for him, and the meeting was so moderate in size he told me to absorb all the time I could. It was a rare comedy, the audience howling at me to stop, and Tom pulling at my coat to go on."

With a hearty shake of the hand I bade adieu to the old Comrade, who was unable to rise from his chair, and after a sprint of a hundred yards rejoined the waggonette, and sat rather meditatively as the widely-built horse trotted along under the leafy trees of Camperdown.

The Old and the New.

"I dreamed once of a city
Of marble and of gold:
Where pity melts to pity,
And love for love is sold.
Where hot light smokes and shivers,
Round endless sweeps of rivers,
A home of high endeavours
For the stately men of old."

—John Barlas.

Two months prior to the Trades Union Congress being held in Dundee, the Fife miners took a significant step. Their Executive considered the question of

raising a Parliamentary Fund to run a Labour candidate at the first election, and unanimously agreed to set aside £100 to form a nucleus. There were no Osborne judgments in 1889. About the same time Cecil Rhodes gave £10,000 to the election fund of Parnell. That sort of thing is still permissible. Collective effort on the part of the workers sooner or later suffers restriction through the law being interpreted in a Capitalistic spirit.

The newspapers of Dundee took the Congress with great seriousness, and the "Advertiser" prepared the public for the occasion by a series of historical articles from the pen of T. R. Threlfall, and biographical notes on prominent Trades Unionists. The Congress met in the Gilfillan Memorial Hall, which was admirably adapted for the purpose, and the proceedings from day to day were followed eagerly by the public. There was disappointment on every hand at the absence of John Burns, who, on the opening day, owing to the London Dockers' strike, was speaking at Tower Hill.

When Henry Broadhurst, M.P., rose to read his secretarial report he received an ovation, some of the delegates actually standing up, waving their hats, and cheering to the echo. Everyone knew that the enthusiastic display was intended to have a bearing on the following motion, which was on the agenda in the name of Keir Hardie:—

"That this Congress, recognising the fact that a strong feeling of resentment is arising in the minds of Trades Unionists in this country against the action of Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P., in having supported at election times those who were sweaters and unfair employers of labour, by his declaration that he will continue in this course in the future; and, further, by the fact that he has admittedly held shares in a public company where men are shamefully overworked and underpaid, declares that he is not a fit and proper person to act as Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Unionists of Great Britain."

The chief points of the indictment were that Broadhurst had supported the Parliamentary candidature of James Hill, who had men working 84 hours per week at wages averaging 3¾d. per hour, that he had similarly supported Brunner, in whose works unsatisfactory

conditions prevailed, and that he himself was a holder of shares in Brunner, Mond & Co. Hardie concluded his speech by asking that the men who stood on the platform as leaders of Trades Unionism should know no party except the party to which they belonged, and in whose ranks they had risen—the Party of Labour in this country, concerning which Whigs and Tories were agreed, to prevent from coming into its own.

Chisholm Robertson, in the course of a bitter personal attack, made several charges against Hardie, of whom he said he had sincere doubts whether he was a man that ought to receive the trust of anybody. Hardie had told them distinctly that he was perfectly willing at any time to take money from any quarter. In Edinburgh he said so, and asked implicit trust from those who would give the money, that it would be used for the purposes of improving the condition of the working classes. There was a new Moses come to lead the children of Israel!

With reference to the personal charges made against him, Hardie explained to Congress that his papers were never published at the office of the "Ayr Observer," but for nine months the "Miner" was published by the "Ayrshire Post," and he paid Union prices for having them printed. As for the charge regarding the Dundee papers he had to say that he was correspondent for one of the papers, and got 10/- a week for "Mining Notes," but when he learned it was a non-Union paper he resigned his position as correspondent. He also explained that during the election in Mid-Lanark he received a present of 5000 copies of his address from the "Ayrshire Post."

During the discussion the excitement in the gallery became intense, and the Chairman, hearing an interruption, intimated that he would clear the gallery if it were repeated.

In his reply, Broadhurst took the line of ridicule. He said his opponents had the great services of two distinguished newspapers, one in Glasgow and the other in London. Neither paper had ever been heard of scarcely outside the streets where they were printed

until they circulated the attacks on himself. Broadhurst did not name the papers, but he was referring to the "Labour Elector" and the "Miner." He went on to claim free political action, and said he would not give it up at the dictation of a section of beardless youths in the political arena of Trades Unionism. The allusion was mainly directed towards Hardie, who had dispensed with his whiskers, and to George Bateman (London Compositors), who, though not present at the Congress, was the first accuser of Broadhurst in print, through the medium of the "Labour Elector." Bateman—like his colleague Champion on the directorate of the paper named—had been in the army, and had been four years in the Social Democratic Federation. Broadhurst remarked that he would have liked to say many things in contradiction to the great sage of Ayrshire, who had come to enlighten the world as to its duty, but he considered he had already received a lecture which would take him many years to digest and put into practice. Continuing, he said:—

"We had to examine into the age of this Ayrshire orator on one occasion. (Laughter.) Curiously enough, he asked us to believe in his wonderful youth. (Renewed laughter). I pointed out the fact that the manly daring of his beard destroyed this theory altogether. (Great laughter and applause.) I have found that since then he has removed this witness, but Nature will not be thwarted, Nature will be avenged—(laughter)—and I now see that she has given indications higher up that he is no youth. (Laughter.) She will not be taken in by the kindly offices and arrangements between himself and his hairdresser. (Laughter and applause). Then we have another youth, Mr. Bateman—(laughter)—full of boyish spirit, who had served Her Majesty faithfully and well, I have no doubt, in the discharge of his military duties. . . . ."

He stated that he had been Secretary for fourteen years, and during that period he had fulfilled his duties faithfully, and to the satisfaction of those associated with him. Then he threw out this sting:—

"I am not of sufficient importance for Glasgow people to trouble after me as they do in Ayrshire, where a greater man, in the exercise of his marvellous benevolence, declared to the world that it was not his intention to contest the Secretaryship against Mr. Broadhurst. I breathed freely when I read that extraordinary condescension."

This weak jibe was received with laughter, which led the speaker into a declaration of snobbery and vanity which reads like the taunt of an offended schoolboy :—

"If Mr. Keir Hardie ever sends in an application for an Inspectorship, and kindly gives me private notice, I shall not promise him 'No,' but I will consider whether I could not help him." (Laughter).

The superiority of tone adopted by Broadhurst, because he was Under Secretary to the Board of Trade, was puerile in the extreme. It was the beginning of the end, and although Hardie's motion was defeated by 177 votes against 11, yet from that day began the decline of Henry Broadhurst.

The feud between the old and the new school culminated in a memorable incident. Graham and Broadhurst, who were staying in the Queen's Hotel, in the Nethergate, met at dinner one evening. Broadhurst, being subject to dyspepsia, carried about with him a supply of brown bread specially prepared for him. A plate of this bread was on the table when Graham sat down, and without any knowledge of the special circumstances, he carelessly helped himself to a piece of the sacred manna. Suddenly he felt his wrist grasped firmly by Broadhurst, who said fiercely: "That's my bread!" Graham released the bread from his erring fingers, and turning round to the attendant with inimitable grace and sarcasm, said: "Waiter, bring me some clean bread, please."

On Tuesday evening of the Congress week a meeting was held in the Kinnaird Hall, under the auspices of the National Labour Electoral Association. Catto, General Secretary of the Bakers' Federal Union of Scotland, who occupied the chair, expressed regret at the absence of John Burns. He considered, however, that Burns was better employed in helping the Dockers in London with his oratory than in Dundee. With regard to the question of an Eight Hours' Day, he hoped that in two years it would be sanctioned by legal enactment. The opening speech was delivered by Graham, who said it was a new inspiration to him to see London as he saw it during the previous week, to

see four men almost unknown hitherto, who had no special call to take the business of the Dockers in hand, suddenly come to the front, place themselves at the head of a great movement, become for eighteen days the rulers and masters of the destinies of London, and become familiar names throughout Europe. It was very curious to see London at that moment. It was more than strange to walk down the Commercial Road or High Street, Poplar, to watch the long line of idle shipping lying in the docks, to see these streets, usually so populous, left almost, as one might say, with grass growing in them. And it was the strangest sight of all to his mind to see the immense wave of sympathy and feeling and respect and human kindliness that had gone out from every class, from men, women, rich, poor—from interested, from disinterested, from the clergy of all denomination, from the Socialists, from the Trade Unionists, from the men of pleasure, and those who had not hitherto attended to the solution of those great questions towards those poor, oppressed, and suffering riverside people who formed the disgrace, reproach, ulcer, and open sore on the body politic of England. It was not an ordinary sight to see 150,000 men walk through the streets of London.

Referring to the Paris International Congress, Graham said it was to his great relief to hear workman after workman, leader after leader, solemnly advise the working men of Europe against the juggleries of political parties, and point out that their only hope lay in having nothing to do with either of the parties in their respective countries, and in the formation of a separate Labour Party. The fear of the State was the beginning of folly. Parliament was the servant of them all: as they kicked it so it would move.

Dr. Aveling, London, in a powerful speech, submitted that the time had come for the formation of a Labour Party in politics, independent of either of the old political parties. There was room for a third party, and now was the time for its formation. The remedy was, sooner or later, the abolition of private property in the means of production and distribution. He

believed that the Labour Party would become the foremost in the fight ahead. A collection was taken for the London Dockers, and the meeting separated with cheers for John Burns.

During the Congress, Hardie submitted a motion in favour of an Eight Hours' Bill, which was defeated by 63 votes to 88 votes. Replying to the debate, he said they were not going to Parliament asking this as a favour. The day had been when Parliament was the irresponsible master of the people, but now Parliament was the responsible servant of the people, and all that they asked was, that they who were the masters should say to their servants that they wanted an enactment which should prevent their unthinking brethren and their unscrupulous employers from compelling them to work long hours to the detriment of their health and their well-being.

The local newspapers referred to Hardie as "an extinct volcano, even amongst the miners."

Another motion which seems fated to remain a theme of academic debate, and to have no real fiscal existence, was as under:—

"With the view of furthering the representation of Labour in Parliament, this Congress instructs the Parliamentary Committee to render every assistance in securing the passing of a measure:—First, for the payment of Members of Parliament by the State; Second, for the payment of Returning Officers' expenses at Elections from the local rates; Third, we further recommend, that wherever practicable, Labour organisations should take advantage of every opportunity in aiding in securing direct Labour representation in Parliament; also in County, Town Councils, and other local bodies."

In moving this resolution, Threlfall stated that when Charles Fenwick, M.P., during the previous Session, introduced a motion for payment of members, only twenty-three members, including the Speaker, out of six hundred and seventy remained in the House during the discussion. Harry Tait, Glasgow, suggested that a fund should be started to be received from Trades Unions only, and placed at the disposal of the Congress and Parliamentary Committee. He thought it was the

only way out of the difficulties, and Labour would be represented according to the Congress mandates.

During the discussion sneers had been made at persons who happened to have been born outside the ranks of the workers, and Keir Hardie, in opening his speech, deprecated such action as a pity. He was specially pleased with the suggestion of Tait. He was of opinion that if they desired that the Labour movement should remain in their hands, they must take hold of it. The movement was afoot in the country. They could control it, and they were the men who had the right to control it. If the Congress adopted Tait's suggestion, they might not at the expiry of twelve months have a responsible Labour Party, but they would have a Party making its power and influence felt in a manner that could not be mistaken, and which would guide the community in the great and grand work, and show the workers that, if they were prepared to follow, the Labour Party were prepared to lead! If the Congress agreed to the Eight Hours' Bill, and if the members who were returned as Labour members were prepared to support it in Parliament at the bidding of the Congress, then, as far as he was concerned, his criticism, which had been called captious, would cease. The fault he found was that these men were not leading in the true sense of the word. Let them go to the streets and ask the first hundred men they met who was their leader, and whose name would be given?

There was considerable laughter when a delegate in reply shouted: "Keir Hardie."

No, continued Hardie, who took the incident in good part, not Keir Hardie, but a man who was in the hall—Cunninghame Graham. There was not a man in the House of Commons who was recognised as a leader of the Labour Party apart from the man he had named. The Trades Unionist representatives had not risen to the occasion. The great body of unorganised workers had requirements which must be attended to, and unless those men got their active sympathy and help, they would turn to any friends who offered them-

selves, whether Trades Unionists or Socialists, or any other thing under heaven, and these men would be a power in the community.

Fenwick replied to this onslaught, and with the skill of an old hand retorted that the small Labour Party in Parliament were democratic, and had no leader, but stood by each other. If Labour was to get its full consideration in Parliament it could only be done when the State was prepared to return to its ancient custom of paying Members of Parliament. John Wilson, Durham; Edward Cowie, Yorks; W. E. Harvey, Derby; and Chisholm Robertson, Stirlingshire, all attacked Hardie, the latter saying:—

"Hardie has done more during the last two years of his existence to support disorganisation than he could rectify though he lived to be as old as the celebrated goat of Methusaleh. Hardie believed he had a mission, and that they should entrust that mission to him, as he was the only man qualified to carry it to success. The point of difference was that they did not believe it."

Mr. Threfall's motion was carried unanimously, but over twenty years were destined to lapse ere payment of members by legal enactment arrived.

Carse of Gowrie and Scouringburn.

There needeth not the hell that bigots frame
To punish those who err; earth in itself
Contains at once the evil and the cure;
And all-sufficing Nature can chastise
Those who transgress her law—she only knows
How justly to proportion to the fault
The punishment it merits.

—Shelley.

Occasionally on a Saturday afternoon I went with a group of stonemasons to Longforgan, and spent happy hours netting flounders by wading from sand bank to sand bank. One Saturday afternoon in June, 1889, I browned myself by walking 17 miles in the

Carse of Gowrie, dreaming, as I wandered through that bright land of apple blossom and cool green swards, of days gone and friends dead. I thought of my uncle, whose pawky humour was as good wine to those who knew him, of my grandfather to whom I was deeply attached. I had visions of the old man, with his broad massive brow, behind which worked a strong, clear, intellect, and the summer of memory and nature were as one. At Errol I had tea at the inn, and a long conversation with the aged landlady, who, while knitting, described the work and influence of John Caird, when for many years he was an obscure minister there. The room was heavy with the scent of flowers, and her slow, melodious speech was like the murmur of a moorland burn.

Active feet make an active brain, and the more I considered the world of man the more irrational it appeared. Especially did I distrust newspapers, as I had come to see that they were sold not so much to spread truth as to advertise merchandise, and I saw that any unpopular cause, however just, would get rough handling until its adherents were numerous enough to be valuable to advertisers. I was sure that if Christ came to Christendom He would, according to modern methods, be crucified, and it was equally plain that the reason why modern prophets did not suffer in the desert was entirely because of the absence of deserts.

Coming through an orchard I would forget the world, and the speculation would emerge that man will never live without motives until he becomes as a little child.

What little child? I was back again into the irrational world of man, back again into Dundee, where Day Nurseries had been established to take care of children while their mothers were at work in the mills. Over twelve thousand cared for in a year, and over two thousand infants under twelve months!

My employer, who owned two mills and a factory, had been an invalid for years. He died early in August. and, along with other employees, I attended his funeral.

There was a short Episcopalian service held in Taypark House. The coffin, covered with wreaths, lay in the centre of the room; at its head stood a bishop clad in black cap and black gown with white surplice; beside him stood another church dignitary clad similarly, but minus the cap; these in turn were assisted by two young curates and a number of chorus boys clad in black and white. Around the coffin stood the mourners, and at the foot stood those invited. After prayers and responses the coffin was removed. When we reached the grave another service was held, and concluded by a low mournful hymn and the benediction of the bishop. But what a graphic scene! A storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, broke upon the service, and the semi-darkness, the black breaking clouds, the forked flashes, the ominous thunder, the mournful dirge, the mourners, the open grave, the moment, and the place all combined to form a drama which made a lasting impression.

I realised that Justice was not so impartial as Death.

I spent some holidays in Fife that autumn, and I experienced a sensation of freedom that a butterfly may enjoy when emerging from its chrysalis. When I returned it was to discover a new treasure: a friend had brought me from Edinburgh copies of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame" and "Les Miserables." I understood the latter book: the city around me was its commentary. One Saturday evening, after having read a few chapters, I walked through the Scouringburn. The pawnshops were busy, and miserable creatures, who had received their wages, were redeeming humble household goods.

On the steps of a small outside stair, which was an excrescence on the main thoroughfare and condemned, were seated a group of young girls. They crouched in tattered shawls, knees inclined to chins, tumbled hair, pale faces, watching the passers-by. I was greeted with a chorus of innocent banter, including the catch-phrase of the period. Farther on—past the eating-house, with its fumes and suffocating savours, past the undertaker's shop—I reached a vacant ground

which took the form of a triangle. Looking beyond this vacant plot to the North I could discern through the gloom the ponderous silhouette of the Law, but in deepest darkness lay that hive by day and tomb by night, the district of mills, warehouses, works, and foundries.

Being Saturday, several dealers had taken stances on the vacant ground to sell by the glare of petrol the oddments of the town to the poor. The first stance was occupied by a ham and bacon stall, in care of a woman who watched with amused friendliness a handsome young butcher at the next stall serve an old woman. "I can sell the cheapest beef in all the town," he said gaily. "And the freshest," added the old woman, with an ironical smile; "the cheap's aye dear." In a neighbouring booth were children with bare neck, head, and feet, revelling in the luxury of ice cream, and beyond, on a table, stood a dark-visaged man selling old clothes. He was assisted by a tall, crazy youth, and together they did a good trade. As I came forward he said—"It costs me more to hold it up." He had sold a jacket for threehalfpence. In a little cart stood another dealer in old clothes. He was ancient and obese, and wore a long, white linen coat. Holding a pair of moleskin trousers up against the glare of the lamp, his manner of utterance was thus: "For a working man, a working man, working man, man, man, man, two shillings, two shills, twoshil, twoshil, twosh"—and so on till his sale was effected at tenpence. He had great patience, and was not in the least disturbed when a drunk Irishman advised him to take the trousers out of the town and burn them.

"Why burn them when folk need them?" asked a young man, who looked a labourer out of work.

"I would'nt buy any of these articles," said the Irishman.

"Then why not pass on and hold your tongue," suggested the labourer.

"I never bought any clothes except in a shop," continued the Irishman; "and the man that doesn't

lead a bad life, and who gets a fair wage, doesn't need to buy these old breeks."

"I am as honest as you, I can work as hard as you," replied the young man, bitterly, "and I don't drink as you do, yet I would be glad of those moleskins."

"Why didn't you buy, then?" asked the Son of Erin.

"Because I have no money and no work; damn the world and all that's in it!" was the reply.

"Things are mending worse," said the Irishman, almost mournfully.

On the following morning Sclater and I set out before ten o'clock for Downfield, a suburb of Dundee, in order to hear an Edinburgh minister, but not knowing the location of the church we arrived too late. Sclater suggested a walk to the Sidlaws, and I readily agreed to the proposal. We passed the Dichty, and were soon full speed for the hills. The crops had been harvested, and stubble fields stretched in golden severity under a mild sun. We selected the highest point in the range, and were soon having a delightful climb among black-faced sheep, roots of old trees, foxgloves, heath, and heather. The spongy, sprightly turf, was more agreeable than the best Brussels carpet. At the point a gale was blowing, and we sheltered behind a cairn. In physical and mental exhilaration and in the splendid view presented we received adequate reward. Away in the East was the dark North Sea, the sands of Buddon Ness shining in the sun, the chimney stalks of Arbroath, the bay of St. Andrews, and Luckie's Scalp; away in the West, the end of the range, the Carse of Gowrie and the Tay; away in the South the gloomy outline of the Pentlands, the two Lomonds, the Northern shore of Fife, the bridge across the Firth, Ferry Castle, and the multitudinous roofs of Dundee; and away in the North towered the grand, everlasting hills, the great Grampians, which bounded the picture like some natural enclosure, raised from earth to sky. From this psychic feast we turned away and sped homeward, driven by the demon of an unappeased physical appetite.

James Duncan.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.
The earth, that is sufficient,
I do not want the constellations any nearer,
I know they are very well where they are,
I know they sufice for those who belong to them.
—Walt Whitman.

At the open space in the West Port on Saturdays I saw crowds hanging on the words of a sturdy man who had a natural gift of oratory. Eventually, I began to listen awhile and to measure the man's power. He could appeal to the popular ear, yet his diction was too incisive and his argument too architectural for mere demagogic fame. He drew out my sympathy towards his efforts, because I saw his work was disinterested and his veracity untrammelled by ambition. His method was simple. In his left hand he held several cuttings from current newspapers, and with his right hand he picked out the references one by one, commenting on each with characteristic acumen. His speeches were topical and fresh, and his hearers, who were already aware of the facts of his subjects, followed him for his opinions. He dealt easily and effectively with interruptions, and when necessity demanded, he turned on the tap of a copious and cooling sarcasm. The speech concluded, he put the cuttings into his pocket, and walked away. Most wonderful to narrate—there was no collection!

On Saturday evenings he spoke at the Lamp in the Greenmarket, his congregation in many cases being large enough to create envy in the heart of a successful minister. And he occupied no coward's castle. He had to face passing jibes, alcoholic criticism, partisan interruption, and personal abuse. I wondered how he kept his thoughts in order and his language true and lucid. On Sundays he adorned other stances, such as the High School Gate and the Barrack Park, and ever

without handing round the hat. If I remember correctly he didn't even sell literature. Who was this man?

Davie Fawns was in great form, and as he debated and laughed he lathered and shaved. He had introduced me to the orator of the open air, to wit, Jamie Duncan. In the small room, with its low roof and sawdusty floor, among uncouth labourers with stubbly chins and gnarled hands, we sat exchanging views. His conversation was scholarly and temperate; he had that ability which refrained from extravagance. For several years I met him, and in a variety of circumstances, yet on no occasion did he evince any inclination for office, reward or acknowledgement. He remained true to apostolic type. We had many topics of conversation when we met in the shop of David Fawns, for that year, 1889, was rich in events. The Parnell Commission and the Crofters' Commission were in session. Lord Randolph Churchill had declared that he was done with Joseph Chamberlain, and would not compete with him for the smiles of Hatfield. John Bright died in March. Gladstone celebrated his golden wedding in July. Bradlaugh in the "New Review," Harold Cox in the "Nineteenth Century," Tom Mann in a pamphlet, and John Morley in public speeches, were discussing the question of an Eight Hours' Day. Wm. O'Brien had been released from prison, and Henry George had debated on the Single Tax in the National Liberal Club. The Government had refused the request of Cunninghame Graham to add Keir Hardie to the Commission on Mining Royalties, and about two weeks earlier Hardie had been expelled from the Miners' Conference. There were Socialist disturbances locally, and much apparent alarm on the part of the authorities.

Two months ago, after the lapse of long years, I called at his house on a Saturday afternoon, intending to have a resurrection of the past and a talk about the present, but unfortunately found him away from home. Mrs. Duncan—youthful and cheery and unconscious of grey hairs—thought I might find him at the Greenmarket. When I got there I found he had been lecturing and had gone home. Several men assured me that

he would be back again in the evening, as was his wont, but I could not wait, and soon afterwards caught a north-going train.

So he was still at it!

James Duncan has worked longer than any man in Dundee in the Socialist cause. He was a member of the Social Democratic Federation long before even James Robertson appeared, and along with a few congenial friends, such as James Munro, Joe Carr, and De Courcy, he conducted a series of lectures in a small hall in the Overgate. It was at one of these lectures I first saw and heard John Barlas, the poet. He left a copy of "Punchinello and his wife, Judith," with Jim Munro, who lent it to enthusiasts such as John Addison; another copy he gave to James Bremner. James Duncan joined the Scottish Labour Party, and helped to establish the branch permanently.

When I met him first he would be a man of thirty years of age or more, firmly knit, strong, and of easy carriage. His hair was ruddy, and he wore an imperial. His eye—brownish if I mistake not—was full of intellectual power and light. Often I noted him coming from his work in the evenings, via Overgate and West Port, and wondered what would happen if all workmen were similarly endowed. He was, and is, a calenderer, and for more than a quarter of a century he has given a ten-hour day to the same firm. He has never been a Town, County, or Parish Councillor; he has never stood for Parliament; he hasn't been made a Justice of the Peace, and he hasn't written a book. When the pundits and mandarins institute an Order of Merit for long and faithful adherence to the Socialist cause, I am hopeful such veterans as James Duncan will not be overlooked.

Drops of Irish.

I found in Innisfail the fair,
In Ireland while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,
Many clerics and many laymen.

I travelled its fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five I found,
Alike in church and palace hall,
Abundant apparel and food for all.

Gold and silver I found and money,
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey,
I found God's people rich in pity,
Found many a feast and many a city.
—King Alfred of Northumbria.

At the very outset of my connection with public affairs, I was confronted with the Irish difficulty. Otherwise friendly Irishmen were against me for helping to build up a Labour Party, because among other reasons they thought that nothing should happen until Home Rule was passed. On that account I came to the conclusion that the Irish politicians required to be fought if Labour was to get a line on the poster in our time, and locally I acted accordingly. The suggested alliance of Nationalist and Labour forces in Parliament never seemed to me a matrimonial venture either romantic or sensible.

On the other hand, I consider the appearance of Catholic Socialist Societies a phenomenon altogether inspiring. It shows that while the wine of Home Rule has been watered down during the last two decades until its wershness becomes unpalatable even to the most temporising politicians, from the press of economic necessity, the Irish people are producing a rich and stimulating vintage.

It may truthfully be said that since the desertion of Parnell by his colleagues, no good has come to the Irish Party—but then, many of my readers will not remember the tremendous public excitement that surrounded the defection and also the events of the crisis.

The verdict in the case of "O'Shea v. O'Shea and Parnell" was given in the Divorce Court on 17th November, 1890. Immediately messages of loyalty to Parnell, and of affection to him personally, poured in from public bodies, leagues and conventions, urging him to continue his leadership. Among public men who stood by him were the American envoys—T. P. O'Connor, M.P., William O'Brien, M.P., John Dillon, M.P., and Gill, M.P.; also Swift M'Neil, M.P., P. O'Brien, M.P., Tom Walsh, Michael O'Brien Dalton, and John Cumnane. Labouchere, in the pages of "Truth," advised Parnell not to be diverted from his task to free the Irish people by anything that had occurred or might occur.

On 20th November a meeting to support Parnell was held in the Leinster Hall, Dublin, and among those present were—Justin M'Carthy, M.P., P. Maloney, M.P., T. J. Condon, M.P., Sir T. Esmonde, M.P., T. M. Healy, M.P., A. Webb, M.P., Peter M'Donald, M.P., J. Fox, M.P., J. Nolan, M.P., William Murphy, M.P., John Deasy, M.P., the High Sheriff of Dublin, a bunch of Mayors, and a host of Queen's Counsel.

Then on the 23rd November appeared a notable letter from Jacob Bright, M.P., in the "Manchester Guardian":—

"You appear to recommend that Mr. Parnell should retire for a time from public life. I take a different view. I think it is his duty to remain at his post. If a man commits a grave fault, the best atonement he can make is to do all the good he can in the direction clearly indicated by his own talents and experience. The place where Mr. Parnell can render service to his country and ours is the House of Commons. Is Mr. Parnell to be sent to private life as a punishment? Is it not more likely that it would be a relief? That the Irish people should cling to the man who has rendered them immeasurable service, that they should decline to sit in judgment upon him gives me unalloyed pleasure. They can do this without any suspicion as to their motive because they are the purest nation on earth."

While the foregoing letter was in type, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the Keeper of the Nonconformist Conscience, announced at a meeting held in St. James's Hall, that "he had high authority for saying" that Gladstone would intervene and that Parnell would

recognise his voice as one to be obeyed; and next day Gladstone wrote John Morley on the subject, leaving it to the direction of the latter when to publish the correspondence.

The Irish Parliamentary Party met in Committee Room, No. 15, on 25th November, to consider the re-election of Parnell as leader, and according to the "Freeman," "the welcome accorded to the National Leader was enthusiastic in the extreme. Loud cheers were given as he entered the room, and much handshakings and many assurances of continued allegiance preceded the business of the day." His re-election as Chairman of the Party was moved by Thomas Sexton, seconded by Colonel Nolan, and agreed to amid loud applause. In his reply, Parnell said that "in response to their unanimous desire he would continue to discharge the duties of leader."

The meeting was held in the afternoon, and immediately the decision became known outside, Gladstone's letter to Morley appeared in the newspapers. This typical and wordy letter, which Gladstone himself considered "simple and direct," expressed the opinion that "notwithstanding the splendid services rendered by Mr. Parnell to his country, his continuance at the present moment in the leadership would be productive of consequences disastrous in the highest degree to the cause of Ireland," and "would render my retention of the leadership of the Liberal Party, based as it has been mainly upon the prosecution of the Irish cause, almost a nullity." Next day the Irish Party met in Committee Room No. 15, Parnell presiding. The effects of the publication of Gladstone's letter and the pulling of wires which must have preceded and surrounded the publication were soon evident. Commins, Sexton, Lane, and Sheehy, joined in asking Parnell "to consider carefully whether it would not be best for him to retire for a time from the leadership." The meeting was adjourned to December first.

On the 28th November, Parnell issued a Manifesto to the Irish people; next day Gladstone published a reply, and on the day following the American delegates,

Dillon, O'Brien, Gill, O'Connor, and Sullivan, declared against Parnell. Three days later the Irish Hierarchy found tongue for the first time during the crisis and spoke against Parnell. Ere the evening of 6th December, the desertion of Parnell by his followers in Parliament became general, forty-five of them turning their heads the other way or passing by on the other side, and of that number thirty-five, as far as I can make out, were present at the meeting held on 25th November, when he was unanimously chosen as leader.

The words of the broken Parnell to those who sought his downfall and destruction are memorable:—

"From whom do I receive my authority? Who gives me power to exercise it? My position has been granted to me on account of the services which I have rendered in building up this party, in overcoming prejudices, in soothing differences of opinion, and in keeping together the discordant elements of our race within the bounds of moderation. Now—don't throw me to the wolves till you get my price. Get my price—then change me to-morrow!"

It was at a meeting—two years later—held on a sultry June night at Broughty Ferry that I first saw T.P. O'Connor, M.P., and the impression still remains with me that I then beheld a political humbug unalloyed. Sir John Rigby, K.C., was contesting Forfarshire, and Marjoribanks, the Liberal Whip, along with Tay Pay had come north to support him. Rigby was unique; a great lawyer but a comic candidate. When his turn to speak arrived he rose up with much labour, poised his ponderosity, slowly shoved his hands into his breeches pockets, smiled through his sweat, and then delivered with evident ease a speech which sounded uncommonly like a tenor solo. A big man, Rigby. His method of answering questions has become historical, and I heard him at it. His chairman collected written questions until the audience became exhausted, and meanwhile handed the slips, which were numbered in order of receipt, to Sir John, who at the close rose up and replied in his high-pitched voice: "Questions 3, 5, 6, 9, and 10—in the negative; questions 1, 2, 7, and 8—decidedly yes; question 4—I am not in a position to answer." The hecklers were nowhere.

The aspect of Marjoribanks was Mephistophelian,

and a Sardonic smile wrinkled round the corner of his nose as he tried to fire his audience on the question of trawling. But Tay Pay! With solemn visage he spoke in funereal tones of a private debt he owed to the candidate whom he termed "the future Lord Chancellor," and who had stood by him at a tragic hour in his career. The silence was impressive; one could almost hear the wink of a spider's eye. On and on the Irish politician talked until the darkness deepened, and the proceedings became so weird that some nervous voters, feeling as if they were drowning in a sea of sorrow, implored the hallkeeper to screw up the gas. During the utterance of his platitudes, O'Connor was at much pains to adjust a revolutionary tie, but no article of wear, however sanguinary of hue, could make his speech other than the "ephemeral sound of a sound."

Visitors: London and American.

The President sat in the big chair and sang,
Ben Tillet, Ben Tillet, Ben Tillet!
And loudly the hall with his sweet cadence rang,
To meet Tillet, Ben Tillet, Ben Tillet.
There was Brannigan, first 'mong the trades of Dundee,
And Williamson, pious and courteous and free,
And the Laird of the Great Eastern, John Ogilvie,
Ben Tillet, Ben Tillet, Ben Tillet!

—Scrutator.

When Ben Tillett came North in May, 1890, he was reported in the friendliest manner by the Liberal newspapers, a consideration which he completely cancelled on a later date by criticising Gladstone, whose "open mind" he compared to "an open sewer." Gladstone ran Providence very hard in those days, and the social fabric shook to its foundations one June day when the news spread that the grand old master of "well-

balanced ambiguity and cunningly-devised equivocation" had been inadvertently hit in the eye by a Chester woman who had thrown a ginger-bread nut at him for luck.

The year 1890 opened well. John Carnegie, bricklayer and Socialist, who had made a speech against vaccination which roused opinion keenly in the East of Scotland, announced that he intended to continue defying the law. Having failed to have his child vaccinated, John was tried before the Sheriff and fined; and although a friend paid the fine, John persistently declined to have his child vaccinated. With his other children he followed the same course, and he "did time"; therefore it was that when genial Sheriff Campbell Smith met the anti-vaccinator walking abroad with his rosy children, he would stop to say—"What bonnie bairns; man, Carnegie, I was aye sorry to convict ye, but I had to administer the law." It was a chance for the Tory papers, and one of them said—"Who will say that we do not have coercion in Dundee? Here is a man standing up and defying the law and that for conscience sake. Had it been in Ireland, our M.P.'s and the whole Irish force would have taken up the time of the House of Commons over a Carnegie case."

I should mention that John Carnegie became a Socialist through reading the "Commonweal," and then he joined the Socialist League. He was at the formation of the local Branch of the Scottish Labour Party, and was its representative at the Annual Conferences until the Independent Labour Party was created.

There were many sensations for a young man at that time. H. M. Stanley, who had returned from the heart of the dark continent of Africa—having, after infinite dangers, found Emin Pasha, who had never been lost—received the Freedom of the City. The death of Browning had occurred recently in the old Palazzo Rezzonico at Venice, the poet passing away with the words on his lips: "Never say I am dead!" I saw Osmond Tearle play the part of Othello—a rich

memory; I heard Dr. Talmage, of America, and left the audience very soon after the commencement of his sermon, because he seemed a blatant showman; I was at the recital of Macbeth given by Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, in the Kinnaird Hall, when the Lyceum Orchestra played the incidental music and overture composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan; and I had an unforgettable walk through the Carse of Gowrie when its orchards formed a fairy land of blossom.

The Talmage sermon was weak, thin fare; inadequate as the herd's porridge. Said the stingy farmer to the herd laddie, who was at breakfast: "Loon, lift that flee oot o' yer milk."

"It's so sae deep, it can wade oot," replied the herd. Taking the hint the farmer cried to his wife: "Woman, gie that loon mair milk": and to this remark the herd replied: "There's plenty o' milk for a' the parritch!"

Although then, as now, I had little fondness for anything American, the fates seem to have settled that America would be more or less with me throughout my life.

Writing from the Theological Seminary, Oberlin, Ohio, a clerical friend, with whom I had spent many happy days in early youth, gave me his opinion of American methods. He wrote:—

> "You still love politics. I am not particularly interested. Yet I know enough about them to have formed a very low opinion of American politics and average American politicians. I believe there are more adventurers, money hunters, office-seekers, in this country than in all the other countries put together. The stump orator is a public nuisance. Every American is a politician, and will debate with you any hour or minute of the day."

My friend, the Rev. James Lyall, who wrote these words, was destined to preach in almost every country of the world, and to die at the age of 40 in London, after an eager, sanguine, restless life.

Some months prior to the Talmage meeting the local Trades Unionists had presented an address to Henry George in the Kinnaird Hall "in recognition of his great service to the cause of Labour." George

was an American of the greater sort, and the candour of his character was exhibited by an incident which happened during his visit. He was interviewed by a deputation of Temperance Reformers, and Peter Matthew, the spokesman, sought to impress on the advocate of the Single Tax that poverty and social evils were traceable to drink, tobacco, and to early and improvident marriages. With a merry twinkle in his eyes, George confessed that in regard to early and improvident marriage, he was a culprit, "having been married at a very early age, borrowing the money to pay the preacher, borrowing money to pay the wedding supper at 1/- a head for three, and getting up next morning at six o'clock to go and look for work." Even a temperance deputation can be sobered.

Naturally, I was prone when writing to country correspondents to compare my rural experience with what I saw and heard in the city, and I am indebted to a friend for the following extract from a letter of my own :—

28th March, 1890.

". . . . Lord Salisbury was many years ago, and still is, thought by politicians not to be reliable as regards his word. Lord Derby, who had no wit and was as dry as a Blue Book, made one of the best *bon mots* extant when he dubbed him 'Cum grano Salisbury.' I was at Edmund Robertson's meeting in the Kinnaird Hall last night. The reason I mention this, is to show why some of his remarks were sweet to me. At a debate three years ago, when Dr. Cullen occupied the chair, I asserted that one great House of Parliament—the Commons—was quite sufficient. I received some support, but the chairman, who had no business to interfere, attacked the proposal with great vigour. I remembered that. Last night this same argument was used by Robertson, one of the leading Scottish Members of Parliament. Time was giving me revenge. Another occasion when this lowly mouse was a victim to the paw of the lion was my defence of Land Nationalisation. Last night this same subject was received with applause. Another wee revenge."

It is only given to youth to correspond with zest, and to wear the plumes of personal pride in a tolerant world.

After the meeting I encountered in the street John Addison (since a Councillor of Arbroath), whose conversation widened my outlook considerably. In 1888,

he had come to Dundee from Arbroath to act as an insurance agent, and almost immediately had got into touch with Socialist propaganda. James Robertson, a tailor, was at his zenith as a Socialist speaker, and John, along with others, attended his meetings to oppose the new idea, with the result that John got light and became devoted to Socialism. He was one of Graham's most enthusiastic supporters when the laird of Gartmore visited Dundee. He joined the Scottish Labour Party at the very start, and was an industrious pioneer. Two years ago I had a letter from him, in which he said:—

"I often think how we stuck to the points of order and discussed the very smallest matter with such fervour as if the fate of the nation was depending on our decision. The years in which we met Bremner, Carnegie, Oliver, and all the devoted spirits night after night to try some plan to reach the crowd. The word Socialism had just to be mentioned in the papers as a lecture or sermon to find us all there—to keep the preacher right. No wonder the Labour Party attained a measure of success, for never did I know of such a hard working and unselfish crowd as that which ushered in the Scottish Labour Party to Dundee. It was the first and last and always spoken of as "The Party." . . . . I can remember you asking the audience in Thistle Hall to purchase the paper of the new era, the 'Clarion,' that was on a Sabbath some years ago now. Alas, the 'Clarion' boys are like some more of us, getting older, and we have not managed to push the system over. . . . I get the 'Forward' notice your articles; it's a good paper."

I thought to finish on this note, instead of which I am face to face with the reminiscence of another American, Andrew, now a statue.

There were some sturdy men in the Trades Council, although, as a whole, it was often a feckless body. One occasion stands out in connection with a visit to the city from Andrew Carnegie and his wife. It had been arranged that the Pittsburg millionaire should address a public meeting in the Gilfillan Memorial, and the Rev. David Macrae, in order to ensure a good attendance, spoke to the Trades Council, and strongly urged the members to honour the meeting with their presence. But Bro. Mann, delegate, rose and told the parson plainly that "the Iron King was not exactly

the kind of person they as Trade Unionists could honour," and, on behalf of his colleagues, declined the invitation. In his speech Carnegie disparaged monarchy, and at the same time declared that wealth was more able to do good in a few hands than when spread in small sums among many. Bad monarch: nice millionaire! Poor, rich, bap-nosed Andrew!

Dundee Parliament and the Outcome.

The people is a beast of muddy brain,
That knows not its own force, and therefore stands
Loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands
Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein:
One kick would be enough to break the chain;
But the beast fears, and what the child demands,
It does; nor its own terrors understands,
Confused and stupified by bugbears vain.
Most wonderful! with its own hand it ties
And gags itself—gives itself death and war
For pence doled out by kings from its own store.
Its own are all things between earth and heaven;
But this it knows not; and if one arise
To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.
—John Addington Symonds (from the Italian of Tommaso Campanello).

The name of the newsagent and stationer was R. H. Williamson, and my regular calls at his shop in the Nethergate led to a close acquaintance. It transpired that he was Deputy Clerk and Treasurer to Dundee Parliament, and, as one would expect from an earnest official, he did his utmost to create public interest in the doings of the House. He asked me to join, and I agreed. Then came the question of choosing a constituency. Was I a Liberal? No! A gleam of satisfaction spread over his features in as much as he was a fervent Tory. Then I must be a Conservative? No! What could my politics be if not either Liberal or Tory? Of a sudden he solved the problem

—I was a Nationalist? No! That was the limit, and apparently I was a specimen unknown to the Party system, and so as a way out I became member for Dublin, with liberty to sit in the House wherever I found it most convenient.

In the early sittings of the 1891 Session, I took a place in any part of the House that chanced to be vacant, and in my speeches, which were few, I treated parties with impartiality, earning cheers approving and derisive from all quarters. Gradually I became aware of the proximity of a small knot of sympathisers, but as I was without acquaintances—excepting the Deputy Clerk—nothing matured until one evening I was approached by John Addison and Joe Carr, who suggested that a Labour Party might be formed. I expressed my willingness to aid and abet in the formation of such a party, with the stipulation that it should be constituted for united action.

I have before me the thin sheet of paper on which are pencilled the signatures of the members who enrolled in the new party. We had only one rule, and it was unwritten—obedience to the Whip; and one declaration of principle which I drew up and wrote opposite the roll. It ran as follows:—"As by Labour all life is sustained, all wealth created, the labourers have the greatest interest at stake; and being of most value, being greatest in number, their Will (consistent with the free expression of minorities) should dominate."

It was a united group, and by sheer enthusiasm and resource we brought the other parties to a standstill. The Press noticed the proceedings, rumours of the debates spread throughout the city, and soon the delectable ancient Town Hall in which we met became crowded night after night with the public. The Government was overturned and the Liberals were faced with the task of forming a ministry, which explains why on the 19th January, 1892, I received a letter from John C. Geddes intimating that the Liberal members of the Dundee Parliament had requested him to wait on me to try to persuade me

to accept office in the Liberal Cabinet. There was the usual plausible argument that my independence would not be infringed, but I declined the honour and set an example which was apparently wasted on John Burns.

The first name on the roll is that of John Addison, followed by that of Joe Carr, who acted as Whip: then A. B. Fenton; William Forbes (Fobey); John Millar—a timekeeper at the docks and a most faithful adherent; William Lilburn—the silent member who smiled the whole Session and voted straight; James Duncan—calenderer and Socialist orator; John Boyle; David Lowe, leader; John Carnegie; Andrew Caird—reporter and now Sir Andrew and a big gun on the Harmsworth staff in London; William C. M. Smith; and George Phillips, Secretary of the Bleachworkers' Union—thirteen in all. The Clerk of the House was E. Scrymgeour—now a Prohibitionist and Socialist; and the leader of the Conservative Party was W. H. B. Martin, a solicitor in practice, and now Town Clerk of Dundee. That very same who in wig and gown has been photographed along with Royal visitors.

To a friend I wrote: " . . There is not time to tell you how the Government was beaten, how my resolution was carried, how all is vanity. . . " Yet all was not vanity, because, although the doings of the mock Parliament looked like playing, the propaganda of Socialist ideas was real enough, and there arose the desire to find a larger public. A meeting was arranged for Cunninghame Graham, and on the first of February he assured an audience of working men in the small Gilfillan Hall that the economic ideal of both historic parties was the same. Graham considered it small comfort to the starving elector to be told that he was intelligent. At this meeting I seconded a resolution in favour of an Eight Hours Act, and at the close of the proceedings Graham and I had a long walk and talk during which he urged me to form a branch of the Scottish Labour Party. I consented. A few days later, in my lodgings in South Tay Street,

Joe Carr and John Addison met me to draw up a list of probable members, and invitations were duly issued. The replies were satisfactory, and at a private gathering in Mather's Hotel, Crichton Street, a branch was constituted. I soon found myself rather awkwardly placed as regards Socialism and my situation in business, and after careful consideration of the position, I declined the Secretaryship of the branch. The reaction can be traced in the undernoted extract:—

4th March, 1892.

"... Do you know I always look to the country as to a refuge, and if I had the means I would quit this seething cauldron of weakly humanity and spend my days near the fields and woods, writing, reflecting, musing. Selfishness is seated in the core of men's hearts. Rather than not 'get on' in the world they will live like mummies without an idea or opinion. They will bow to Mammon before aught else; and therefore we have a very respectable, selfish, uncultured age. Men are becoming as soulless as the machines they tend. However, come up again and laugh. ..."

The appearance of my portrait in the "Piper" did not unnerve me, and I found plenty to do in the local Parliament and in building up the new branch, as witness:—

18th March, 1892.

"... You would perhaps notice that our Party had a meeting on Tuesday when a lecture was given by Mr. W. S. De Mattos, B.A. It was well reported in the 'Advertiser' (for a wonder), and there was a short article on it. The meeting was very brisk and will do some good, I hope. Last night was a fighting night in the local parliament, and I was glad after I was finished, for it will be the last long effort of the session. The evening papers intimated that the Labour Party had taken up a strong position in the parliament, and ventured to tell their readers that it would be worth while to visit the House and to hear the debate. M'Lagan attends every meeting with me and acts as wet blanket, adviser, and plain-speaker. ..."

De Mattos is now the official translator of the works of Materlinck.

George M'Lagan was my senior by thirty years, graphic and caustic in speech, good and great at heart. He had meagre faith in the mob and less in the politicians. Being a skilful builder and an able organiser

of men, he was a valuable, if somewhat depressing critic.

Events moved rapidly towards a General Election, and on a cold March night the local branch met to consider the question of selecting a Labour candidate for Parliament. A list was drawn up, according to one newspaper "of names of just the very class of men wanted—a doctor of Montrose, rejoicing in the nickname of Gracchus; an unknown Small man; a Glasgow tinsmith and ex-Salvation Army officer; a miner; a glass-blower; other guaranteed Labour men, and last, not least, John Ogilvy, the redoubtable Secretary of the Dundee Radical Association." The list being interpreted, runs:—Dr. Stirling Robertson; William Small, of Blantyre; George Carson; Robert Smillie; Robert Brodie; and John Ogilvy. Thus "Fobey"—

> "A young and healthy party, see,
> Whose boldness shocks propriety,
> Who dare to think that Labour can
> Produce the proper sort of man
> To represent the toiler's cause,
> To end or mend obnoxious laws,
> While Liberals wink the other eye,
> And in sad consternation cry,
> Chorus—Ta-ra-ra-boom de-ay (*ad lib.*)

A few of us met again on the 21st of April to prepare for the election, when there were present—John Carnegie, Robert Dempster, John Ogilvy, James Duncan, Joe Carr, R. Taylor, W. Arnott, John Watson, John Boyle, Wm. Forbes, and the writer. It was agreed to recommend the adoption of James M'Donald, London, and the branch confirmed the selection.

With the companions of my early youth I continued to correspond, and had their impressions wafted to me from India, America, France and England; and perforce they had to consider Socialism. One schoolmate, George Belford, who, after serving his apprenticeship, had secured a situation in Paris as representative of a firm of linoleum manufacturers, kept up an intermittent correspondence. His remarks were shrewd, coming from a youth who had no politics,

and coming from a Scot located in Paris. Here is a sample:—

"As a general rule I do no writing on Sundays. To-day, however, I wink at the Fourth Commandment which does not specifically forbid writing on the Sabbath, though I daresay in the high places of the Church it would be considered sinful to write to a Labour leader and Socialist any day of the week, to say nothing of such a transaction on a Sabbath.

". . . What do you think of the choice the Kirkcaldy Burghs have made for M.P.? From all accounts Mr. Dalziell does not seem to be an extraordinary specimen of humanity as far as ability goes, but his powers of promising and his cheek are certainly awful to contemplate. I hope that the coming General Election will bring a worthier man to the Lang Toon.

". . . It would seem that Mr. A. J. Balfour is not making such a good leader of the House of Commons as was expected, and with all his ability is not able to fill the shoes of the commonplace Mr. W. H. Smith. In the 'Review of Reviews' for March, I see it stated that the aforesaid Mr. Smith left a fortune of ever 1¾ millions sterling. The fact throws a most startling light on the commerce of to-day. Here is a man who produced nothing, simply an intermediary between the producer and consumer, and he pockets that amount. In all conscience, Socialists with such an example have cause to make a noise—an example of the misappropriation of wealth. . . There is a general outcry against Protection even in France; the people are beginning to see that Protection is only protection of the capitalist and the manufacturer. . . If you should think of Paris as a holiday resort I shall only be too glad to have you with me here."

Ever since then I have thought of Paris as a holiday resort, and I am still thinking.

A Medley of Ministers.

Come a' ye chiels wha agitate
The cause o' Labour ear' and late,
The storms aroon' us will abate,
They are not few;
We've left behind oor gruesome fate—
We're flittet noo.

We've aften held in bygane time
In Dauvit's hoose a pantomime,
But we ha'e like Maister Sime,
Oor ancient pew,
And lifted ilka stick and stime—
We're flittet noo.

These are the opening verses of a ditty which appeared in the "Piper of Dundee" to commemorate the removal in 1892 of Dundee Trades Council from Gilfillan Memorial to premises in Bank Street. The author, William Forbes, wrote over the pen-name of "Fobey," and was a regular contributor to the paper mentioned. An unassuming working chap, "Fobey"—who was a Socialist—composed typical verses which would have adorned "Punch." The "Dauvits' Hoose" was a friendly shelter to the little band of advanced men because the caretaker, John Wishart, and the assistant minister, "Maister Sime," were both favourable to the new party.

One of the few professional men who then openly sympathised with Labour was the Rev. A. H. Moncur Sime, assistant to the Rev. David Macrae of Gilfillan Memorial Church. Sime was a sterling democrat, an able preacher, and a cultured theologian. His attractive sermons and modest personality made him a favourite with his hearers, a circumstance which did not altogether please the senior pastor. Sime left Dundee in response to a call from Hull. He had a considerable literary gift, and an article from his pen, entitled "The Literary Life of Edinburgh," gave the readers of "The New Century Review" much delight. To one of the earliest numbers of the "Labour Leader" in its weekly form he contributed to rub their eyes.

The Bishop of Manchester, at the Diocesan Conference, made the following statement:—

"That was what he called Socialism: the appreciation that a man was not living for himself and his own enjoyment, but that he must devote whatever was given him, whether it be wealth, bodily strength, great capacity, or high opportunity, not for himself, but honestly and truly for the benefit of all around him. The great purpose of the Kingdom of God is the service of Mankind."

Already Dr. Parker of the City Temple had convened a conference to elicit why working men did not attend places of worship. The uproarious nature of the meeting made it almost impossible for any speaker to make his meaning clear, but generally the idea was given that the teachers and preachers of religion were acting as an organised force on the side of the rich and against the poor. One speaker charged the clergy of all denominations with being bad shepherds and of running with the wolves. The life of Christ was spent, it was said, in the denunciation of oppression, but the churches and chapels were always against the workers. It was further declared that unless the churches went to them the working classes had no intention of going to the churches. The most striking feature of the meeting was the eagerness with which the Socialists who were present in force applauded any allusion to Christ as a social reformer.

Dr. John Clifford, in his published address, "1892: Its Message to Young Men," which appeared in the "British Weekly," wrote:—

"Another event that many people regard with suspicion, and that some Christians treat with distrust, some sceptics and secularists with scorn and contempt, but which I number among the true sects of progress, is the creation of the Labour Church. Not because it is likely to produce for us a new social organism, not because it will create a Church that will displace any of the existing Christian societies: but for this reason: that it is the frank confession of the greatest movement of our modern life—the movement of Labour towards the acquisition of its just rights and its fair rewards—that it cannot advance to victory without religion; that is to say, without personal character and the forces which feed and nourish character. . . The development of personal character and the improvement of social conditions are both essential to man's emancipation from moral and social

bondage. I maintain that this is the true inwardness of the Labour Church which John Trevor created in Manchester at the commencement of this year; and, therefore, I say it is a sign of reconciliation of the strife of the industrial world through the idea of absolute justice to everybody, and the abolition of everything which makes commerce a means of enslavement of one man by another. It is, as I have already said, a movement that is Socialistic in its character, and therefore it is like many of the movements of our time. It aims to get Collectivism adopted as the principle of industry against the wage-earning principle: and thus it is a part of the universal movement for humanising the conditions of labour which is one of the distinguishing marks and glories of our era. It is thus part of one great movement of our times, the movement to get the workers' rights in his own industry recognised, because they are not exhaustively treated by a mere wage. The capitalist in equity takes more than he ought when he takes to himself the whole of the rights to the instruments of production, machinery, land, and everything which labour has done to secure and to put into the condition it is."

Having a morbid tendency to stalk clergymen, I sent a copy of a pamphlet which I had published—"Mutuality"—to Dr. K. C. Anderson, Minister of Ward Road Congregational Church, Dundee, who courteously acknowledged receipt, agreeing with my positions, but thinking I was "a little hard on the churches." He had a notion that the churches needed to understand working men and their aspirations, and that working men required to understand the churches. He confessed that we were "all more or less the victims of the vicious system of society and industry that had prevailed for a century," and he saw the beginning of the end of that system "in the social and industrial troubles of the time."

The stalking was not invariably successful, however, and I recall how with a friend I set out on Sunday to hear Principal Cunningham of St. Andrews, who was to preach in Foulis Church, a parish church in the Carse of Gowrie. We had a splendid walk, and following directions, arrived at a little church situated among trees, far away from any village. We sat down. Somehow it seemed very quiet for such an occasion. No one seemed the least excited. No wonder! Judge of our chagrin when we had to sit out the one and only service, for that day, under the wrong

man. On our way back we were passed by people who had been in the right church, which had been crowded.

Before the Labour Church sprang into existence, another organisation—the Labour Army—had already been doing pioneer work, and one day early in July, 1892, I was introduced to the West of Scotland Secretary. It is interesting to recall how this force originated.

When Frank Smith left the Salvation Army, he proceeded to issue the "Workers' Cry" and to organise the Labour Army. The weekly paper and the new organisation were parallels to the "War Cry" and the Salvation Army dominated by General Booth. In the "Workers' Cry," Frank Smith asked his readers, especially those who resided in busy industrial towns, to send him their names and addresses, so that local groups of the Labour Army might be formed. Ten names were sent from Glasgow, and soon thereafter a meeting was called by Alexander M'Gregor, manager of the St. George Co-operative Boot Department, and in response the following seven reformers met in a small room at Waterloo Rooms—Messrs. M'Kerracher, James Morton, James Kidd, James Alston, Angus M'Innes, John Munro, and Alex. M'Gregor. From this meeting sprang the Branch of the Labour Army which inaugurated the famous Albion Hall lectures in Glasgow. Angus M'Innes had been a soldier, one of the Camerons who fought at Tel-el-Kebir. He could neither read nor write, yet through a successful whimsicality which distinguishes labour organisation, he was appointed librarian. It was a post he filled with great acceptance, and in other services he was invaluable to the new Army. A man of smiles and scant speech, he was as ready to post bills at midnight as to act as doorkeeper at the lectures. For twenty years he earned his livelihood by cleaning windows and afterwards became an employee of the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale. James S. Kidd became Lecture Secretary and his untiring energy and tact laid the foundation of the success which the lectures attained. Among

other helpers were Sam Orr of St. Rollox Co-operative Boot Department, Sandy Haddow, the three brothers Poole—David, James and Robert—George Carson, and John Dickson.

I heard John Caird preach in the Steeple Church, Dundee. He was then Principal of Glasgow University, and an old man. The memory of that Sunday forenoon is distinct, and I see the sombre church, the great stone pillars, the beautiful windows of stained glass, the sun glistening on the gold hair of a girl, the pompous persons craning their necks to see who had dared accompany them into the presence of their Maker, the slim, meek, obliging female attendant moving hither and thither, the anxious beadle in silken gown with the gestures of a mason and the garb of a prophet. I hear the last tones of the bell, the expectant whispering of the worshippers ultimately dying into silence, the creak of the vestry door—and there slowly ascending the pulpit stair is he who is to stir the souls of men! In the pulpit he sat a moment engaged in prayer, his head resting on his long thin hand. When he raised his head I saw a powerful countenance, thoughtful and emotional, a lofty brow, long grey hair, and strong mouth with prominent under-lip so characteristic of many orators. He conducted the opening portion of the service in a quiet orthodox manner, and seemed to reserve himself for the sermon, which proved to be tonic and inspirational. He had the grand presence and the grand manner of speech. His utterances were noble, reverential, mighty —and his sonorous voice gilded even common places with loftiness. Under his spell, ideals seemed near at hand and the worn world far away. Were there more Cairds, church attendance would improve: it is a great pleasure to hear an ordered mind express itself in language fit and eloquent. Not that I deny a necessary place to the preacher who helps to fill heaven with refugees from his noise on earth. Some natures are so apathetic that only vocal thunder can rouse their attention, and after the breaking of the spell, perhaps

even Kantian philosophy may be administered in careful doses.

On one occasion I heard a sermon by Dr. Matheson, the blind preacher, who was on a visit from Edinburgh. I do not remember his personal appearance, but I remember his disquisition on talent and genius, and the epigram—"Talent does what it can: genius what it must," which made me compare it with Diderot's—"Listening to talent in our appreciation we do not forget to use our critical faculty: listening to genius we forget to criticise."

On a Sunday two years previously, I had heard Professor Bruce deliver two discourses, and he impressed me as a most able man. His mild, thoughtful, detached manner was full of conviction and courage. I felt that the Free Church would live to do him honour and to realise that the commotion had been a teapot storm which arose over his supposed heresy.

Then there was M'Neil—but John can take a seat meantime in the hall.

The Grand Old Man on Tour.

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness,
The signet of its all-enslaving power,
Upon a shining ore, and called it gold;
Before whose image bow the vulgar great,
The vainly rich, the miserable proud,
The mob of peasants, nobles, priests and kings,
And with blind feelings reverence the power
That grinds them to the dust of misery.
But in the temple of their hireling hearts
Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn
All earthly things but virtue!

—Shelley.

At the third annual business meeting of the Scottish Labour Party held in Glasgow on 2nd January, 1892, it was reported that the year 1891 had been one of

uninterrupted progress, and that during the last month of that year the correspondence columns of the "Scotsman," "Herald," and "Mail" were largely devoted to letters discussing Labour politics and the Legal Eight Hour Day proposal. It was also reported that definite steps had been taken by the Executive to run Cunninghame-Graham, M.P. for Camlachie, and Bennet Burleigh, the great war correspondent and a good Socialist, for Tradeston, while arrangements were being made for running candidates in other two Glasgow constituencies, and also in Edinburgh and Dundee. It was thought that Tom Mann, whose name had been mentioned in connection with the Dundee contest, could win the seat. A delegate asked "whether Bennet Burleigh's views were satisfactory to the Executive," and in reply the Chairman said "that Burleigh stood as the recognised Labour candidate, and if elected he would be in opposition to any Government that might be in office at the time." The following office-bearers were elected :—

Hon. President—R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. Vice-Presidents—Dr. Clark, M.P.; John Ferguson; C. A. V. Conybeare, M.P.; J. Shaw Maxwell; Robert Smillie, Larkhall; J. Adam Anderson, Glasgow; James C. Kennedy, Carlisle; John Ogilvy, Dundee; Dr. Stirling Robertson, Montrose; Samuel M'Gowan, Dumfries; Councillor Mitchell, Greenock; Bennet Burleigh, London; Dr. John Moir, London; George Gerrie, Aberdeen.

Chairman of Executive—George Carson. Vice-Chairman—Alex. Haddow. Secretary—J. Keir Hardie. Assistant Secretary—George Cooper. Treasurer—George Mitchell, 105 London Street, Glasgow. Members of Executive—Robert Brodie; William Small; John Brown; Duncan M'Naughton; Charles Freer; Andrew M'Inulty, and the officials.

Every resolution submitted to the Conference was carried unanimously. J. Hope, Springburn Labour and Single Tax Association, moved in favour of the nationalisation of the land and instruments of production, the seconder being James Morton of the Glasgow

Labour Army; Robert Smillie moved and the Rev. Alex. Webster seconded a motion in favour of Independent Political Action; a resolution in favour of a Legal Eight Hour Day was moved by John Brown, Camlachie, and seconded by George Cooper, Glasgow Trades Council; William Small, Lanarkshire Miners' Union, seconded by John Ogilvy, Dundee Radical Association, moved a resolution in favour of Old Age Pensions and Pensions for the sick, disabled, and those bereft of their breadwinners; a resolution calling upon the State to organise self-supporting and non-competing Colonies for the Unemployed was moved by Sazee, Glasgow Jewish Tailors' Union, seconded by Andrew M'Inulty, Blantyre Miners' Union; and James Young, Uddingston, moved, and William Moffat, Dumfries, seconded the following resolution as a warning and protest:—

"In addition to the foregoing measures, this Conference declares itself favourable to every proposal for developing the political rights of the people, protecting the workers in their respective callings, and tending to democratise our institutions, but protests against these legislative changes being deemed of more importance than reforms tending to promote justice and to brighten and purify the lives of the people."

The Secretary intimated that the Scottish Labour Party was working cordially with the newly-formed United Trades' Council Labour Party.

Such was the Conference that preceded the General Election of 1892, and the complete stock was in the shop window. The party was very small and heterogenous; it was likewise due its treasurer twenty-five shillings and elevenpence. Its one asset was its ideal.

James Macdonald came from London to Dundee in June, and opened his candidature. He stayed at my lodgings, and in spite of the heavy task in hand we spent many a merry moment. The contest was hopeless from the start: his ideas were new to the multitude and unwelcome to all classes: he had no monied or influential backers: he was without necessary funds astic than numerous: the Press was solid against him: hoardings and halls were not to be had. The speeches were made from lorries and cabs, anywhere and every-

where, and splendid speeches James Macdonald delivered. To a motley crowd at the Greenmarket I heard him give an exposition of Socialism which remains in my memory as a model of logic and lucidity. He was too concise and architectural to be a street orator, but many there were who admired his courage and ability —not to mention his handsome presence and frank manner—and yet could not face the responsibility of voting for him. Three-cornered contests were unfamiliar and disturbing to the sluggish electoral intelligence.

As the day for nomination drew near the question of ways and means became urgent, and one afternoon I took train to Glasgow, returning that same night. During those few hours in the West I met Keir Hardie for the first time, and I could not have met him in circumstances more unfavourable to my youthful zeal. On arriving at Buchanan Street Station I made my way immediately to St. Enoch Station Hotel, where I was led to a private room and ushered into the presence of Hardie and George Carson. They were at dinner. The conversation was commonplace and disjointed, as the waiter, with a frequency which appalled my Spartan tastes, carried hither and thither the accessories of several courses. From Edinburgh there came another visitor—John Leslie—and we two sat humbly waiting the close of the feast. The pundits having risen satisfied and the waiter having withdrawn, we proceeded to business, and very soon I was back at Buchanan Street vaguely wondering at the modern form of martyrdom on behalf of the people.

Three-cornered contests in Scotland sorely troubled the Liberal caucus, and on a sunny day, Gladstone, accompanied by his wife, arrived in Dundee and drove through the principal streets in an open carriage. Wishing to get a glimpse of the famous statesman and orator, I took my stand on the pavement at the head of Union Street, and with me were several young fellows from the same office. When the carriage drew near it became evident I was not likely to see the aged pair owing to the increased pressure of the crowd and

the fact that fate seemed to have suddenly planted in front of me a group of the tallest men in Scotland. I made a whimsical remark, and swiftly one giant, laughing the while, lifted me up and held me bodily over the heads of the onlookers. I saw a pleasant matron, such as one might see in any comfortable household, and an old man nodding with his bald, bare head, stiffly and unsmilingly, in response to cheers from roof, window, step, and street. It was a large face, immobile with vanity and pride; a big curved nose, and eyebrows thick and upgrown at the end, gave a predatory look, and the wide mouth, not too generously lipped, bespoke obstinacy, resentment of contradiction, and a suggestion of mercilessness at a supreme pinch. It was a wide but not a massive brow, and the head, although large, appeared larger because of the dominancy emanating therefrom. The gaze and framework of the man were those of a man of power and a lover of power, but there was no hint of the creative gift, of the genius to dower his race with odes or aphorisms. His configuration was too angular for that.

Many years afterwards I was arrested by a description of Gladstone by John Addington Symonds:—"He has a face like a lion's; his head is small above it, though the forehead is broad and massive—something like Trojan's in its proportion to the features. Character, far more than intellect, strikes me in his physiognomy, and there is a remarkable duplicity of expression—iron, vice-like resolution combined with a subtle mobile ingenuousness."

Anyhow, the force of events and the existence of Independent Labour candidates had made it incumbent on the venerable Liberal leader to speak in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dundee, so as to strengthen the hands of his anxious followers.

I ran home for a week-end to recruit. It was no easy task to mix daily among business men and be known to them as the agent for the quixotic Labour candidature. My folks had doubts as to the wisdom

of my actions and were concerned about my health. I endeavoured to reassure them :—

"... I have been taking matters very easy since my return, and, therefore, am in first-rate health. My ease is at the rate of reading three volumes a week, diets, daily work, sleep. This next fortnight I expect to be busy arranging for the production of an election skit, which, if successful, may be permanent. It will entail, if gone into, considerable work... Dundee is getting into a dangerous state in connection with its staple industry. Hundreds are out of work, and those working are on short time. Next week our works are to be closed on Thursday, making, until further notice, a 40 hour week. One can imagine the privations that the respectable poor will suffer unsaid in such times! ... I know that there is more real happiness in tending vegetables than working in hum-drum commercialism. ..."

The opening words of James Macdonald's election address exposed everything :—"Fellow Workers, Another weary round of political humbug and trickery has been played," and after proving that the workers were only machines to produce profit, he finished with a programme of eight items, the first being an Eight Hours Day and the last Socialism. There was the customary portrait in the left hand corner. A telegram was received from Secretary Flynn of the London Tailors' Society congratulating Dundee on its luck in having one of Labour's most eloquent and capable leaders as a candidate, and announcing that the tailoring trade was pledged to find the sinews of war. Geo. Shipton, Secretary of London Trades Council, sent a letter wishing the candidate success, and a message assuring the workers of the ability and integrity of Macdonald was received from Tom Mann.

The harvest was not ripe and the reapers were not many. The small band of workers had to run the blockade of public and private derision and attack, but like everything else the ordeal passed, and in the passing new friends were discovered.

A young recruit named William Low, a ploughman from the base of the Sidlaws, took up the discussion on Tory Gold. He had a clear balanced style and defended the movement by writing letters to editors which were not always printed. During the contest

he wrote: "If there is a suspicion of Tory Gold let the Liberal withdraw from the field and let the Labour and Tory candidates fight it out and we will more than likely see this Tory money defeat its own intended beneficiary." Rather a pretty proposition in the circumstances and not without humour.

The polling day came and went, and our candidate's name modestly graced the bottom of the poll with a number which to term modest would be aggressive—354. One of our childlike satisfactions was to compare the result with others:—Graham, 906; Burleigh, 783; Brodie, 225; and Wilson, 438.

On his return to London, Jim Macdonald wrote me conveying his thanks to those who had assisted in his candidature and to myself for preparing his statement of accounts. In London he found that the Tory Gold craze had seized some of his hitherto staunch supporters and it took some time to disabuse them of that idea. The Tailors' Union had raised a fund in support of his candidature, and he suggested that the money should go to the formation of a political propaganda fund, as the men in Dundee had met all expenses!

It was my first and last appearance as organiser of a Parliamentary election.

Leaflets and Legality.

> "Yon sun
> Lights it the great alone? Yon silver beams,
> Sleep they less sweetly on the cottage thatch
> Than on the domes of Kings? Is mother earth
> A stepdame to her numerous sons who earn
> Her unshared gifts with unremitting toil;
> A mother only to those puling babes,
> Who, nursed in ease and luxury, make men
> The playthings of their babyhood, and mar
> In self-important childishness, the peace
> Which men alone appreciate?
>
> —Shelley.

There was an organisation called the Dundee Labour Institute, of which the terms of membership were:—Entry money, 2d.; weekly subscription, 1d. The hall of the Institute, spacious and readily accessible from the street, was situated at 72 Overgate. Although it could be had for public and trade meetings on the most moderate terms by application to James Duncan or James Munro, yet the revenue of the Institute was chiefly drawn from a public meeting—for lectures, debates, and discussions—which was held every Sunday evening, and at which a large quantity of pamphlets and periodicals, relating to social questions, was on sale. In 1890, the heads of the Institute drew up a manifesto, and sent the manuscript to James Leatham, who was then carrying on a printing business at 15 St. Nicholas Street, Aberdeen. The manifesto appeared as a four-page leaflet, with the heading: "Wage Workers of all Countries Unite!" and the closing paragraph contained the words: "And whatever your particular facility or ability may be, let every man of you throw his whole soul and energy into so glorious a movement, knowing that this common platform is at once our own, that the cause of the world's workers is yours, and yours theirs. . . ."

Prior to this Robert Dempster had issued in 1888 from his address at Morn Street, Alyth, and under the auspices of the Ploughmen's Club and the Socialist Union, a two-page occasional sheet, called the "Labour

Leaflet." Six copies were sold for a penny. It was also announced that those willing to distribute the leaflets could have them sent to their address, but, "as a sign of good faith, annual subscription of 1/- might be forwarded." In his first leaflet, Robert comes down hard on "the drones and slugs," and explains the cause of poverty and the remedy; in No. 2 he recommends Socialism as the true solution of the Irish Question; the third leaflet—100 for 6d.—contains the programme of the Ploughmen's Club, wherein the creation of an Agricultural Board is advocated, and also the direct vote by the people to decide on peace or war. The fourth number deals with the Bible, the Land, and the People—a group of quotations from Scripture; the fifth leaflet states that "few questions are so likely to bear directly on the practical politics of the coming time as that of Compensation for the withdrawal of special privileges."

According to Robert, special privileges may be regarded as "the power of living on the labour of others, as is most notably enjoyed by landlords, burglars, shareholders in limited companies, pick-pockets, and State sinecurists." He also adds that "in a wage-slave society there are but three kinds of people, namely, workers, robbers, and beggars; and that of the workers there are two kinds—first, Socialists; and second, cowards—the first wanting to abolish robbery and beggary, the second to continue them." In leaflet number six, the duty of the workers is elaborated, and, among other reforms, they are urged to demand (5) "A National system of money circulation—not borrowed, but State supplied on labour value." These leaflets were extensively circulated in Perthshire and Forfarshire, and a weekly distribution was made every Saturday evening in the streets of Dundee by Robert Dempster himself, who came into the city from Alyth for that special purpose.

The Institute was a home of firebrands, and their meetings in the open-air became so popular that they were proclaimed by the Magistrates. Applications were made by the Institute and the Tent Mission to

hold meetings as before, and, with amazing impartiality, both applications were refused. Then the fun began. The Socialists openly defied the order forbidding assemblage on the streets on Sunday. In the first place, they held a meeting outside the proclaimed area, and afterwards, followed by nearly 3000 citizens, marched into the High Street, where an attempt was made to deliver speeches. The police interfered and arrested James Robertson, tailor, James Street, Dundee; Robert Hutchison, shoemaker, Merchant Street, Edinburgh; and James Connor, dyer, Blackscroft, Dundee. The first two were remitted to the Sheriff on a charge of mobbing and rioting; the latter, and a lad, named Richard Simpson, were charged with breach of the peace. The city was in a great ferment, and the Court was filled with excited onlookers. Simpson was at once liberated, the presiding Magistrate advising him to keep better company. From Bailie Black this was rich advice, indeed. An agent made application to the Sheriff for bail on behalf of the others, and suggested that the bail should be fixed at £2 each. The Sheriff said he could not think of insulting the prisoners by fixing that small amount for their liberation; he did not think he could allow a patriot out under a bail of £10. Whereat there was great laughter.

Wi' opinions o' his ain
  Cawmull Smith, the Shirra, O!
He will yield them up to nane,
  Cawmull Smith, the Shirra, O!
Lang may he be spared to joke,
A credit tae a' honest folk,
But, oh, preserve's frae ony troke—
  Wi' Cawmull Smith, the Shirra, O!

Then the Procurator-Fiscal complained that some of the policemen who took part in the apprehension had received injuries to their tender anatomies, and that, judging from newspaper accounts and documents handed to him, the disturbance seemed to have been very serious. He would require to consult Crown Counsel. After waiting till 8 o'clock at night for Counsel's reply, and receiving none, the Sheriff fixed

bail at £10, £5 and £3 respectively, and, the money being guaranteed, the Socialists were set free. It was now their turn to laugh, because the ink on the bonds was still drying when the Fiscal received a telegram instructing him to oppose any bail under £50. Later in the evening Robertson and Hutchison addressed a crowded meeting in the Institute, and received generous subscriptions towards their defence.

When the trial took place the public again overran the Court. Capt. Dewar, the principal witness, averred that "between two and three thousand persons shoved and shouted and crushed against the policemen. Oaths were repeatedly uttered towards them, and a cry of 'Put them in the dock!' was raised. He understood the cry to refer to the policemen, and, following on it, the crowd carried the police past Reform Street and ran them down to the south side of the High Street. Several of them were repeatedly kicked. Detective Aitken stated that he had taken notes of several Socialist meetings, and quoted from their awful utterances.

For the defence, witnesses said the crowd was orderly, but the Sheriff, finding the charge proved, held that no body of men had any right of public meeting on the street, and that, if it were wished to test the legality of the proclamation, the accused could have done so in another manner. He ordered James Robertson to find caution not to break the criminal law for six months or suffer imprisonment for ten days; Robert Hutchison, who, by his own admission, had come from Edinburgh expressly to break the law, he fined £2 or ten days' imprisonment, with £5 caution; and James Connor he sentenced to pay £1 or suffer seven days in prison. Robertson, with overcoat on his arm, did not turn a hair, and Hutchison, with his Highland cloak wrapped about him, treated the proceedings with disdain. The trial lasted seven hours.

By way of variety, I went to hear Andrew Lang lecture in University College Hall on "Religion and Progress." The lecture in brief was—'pon my word, there's nothing new, and nothing true, and it really

doesn't matter. The tall, thin, grey figure, screeching his flippant and superficial message in a sharp metallic voice, did not inspire. I went to hear General Booth in the same week, and, although he preached exactly the opposite doctrine, I came away dissatisfied. On the Sunday following I heard Dr. Short, in an able lecture, riddle Andrew Lang's statements until there was no substance left, and at the end of this three-fold experiment, I was left with nothing but the riddle.

Through Gauldry to Tally Street.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below!

—Horatio Bonar.

During the winters of 1890, 1891, and 1892, I read to two blind professional musicians, generally on Sunday evenings. How the habit arose I cannot now recall, but it was an episode which I look back upon with pleasure and pride. Did you ever try to read aloud for two or three hours continuously? There is nothing more exhausting, and especially after a day of meetings and Comrades and speakers. After a sederunt it was not unusual for me to walk down Victoria Road breathless and dazed. It was a splendid thing, however, to hear the grateful words of the afflicted, and to note with what concentrated attention they drank from the well-springs of the finest literature. It was satisfying to receive the thanks of those who were not blind, and who also came into the small circle.

Only one of my band of listeners could be termed Socialist, and that was not apparently applicable at the commencement of our acquaintance. How generously he repaid to the movement the slight service I rendered to him. He afterwards gave his services as pianist to the Labour Church without fee, and, come shine or storm, he never failed to be led across to his seat at the piano and to rejoice the hearts of all who adored great music exquisitely rendered. Here is a reference to him :—

"... My blind friends say I may tire reading, but they will not tire listening. The book is 'Les Miserables,' by Victor Hugo, a favourite of mine. Mr. Shand and I have this in common—we are Shelley admirers. ... Sclater advised me to send a letter in answer to Lady Florence Dixie. I thought it would not be inserted, but he maintained it would. Then judge of my surprise when it was actually advertised during the week in the 'Advertiser.' She will rend me, I think, but I hope to survive. It is testing steel with a practised writer, yet I will try a bout. . . "

I engaged in discussion with Lady Florence Dixie on sex equality, and the letters appeared in the "People's Journal." At the time the correspondence commanded general notice, and I frankly confess I was not on the side of the ladies.

At this time I had changed my lodgings to Gauldry, a hamlet on the Fife side of the Tay, and celebrated the event one Sunday night by losing the last train and last boat, and cajoling the authorities to allow me to walk across the Tay Bridge in the darkness. It was a story by itself. My uncle built a house at Gauldry. He had been employed as a foreman mason some months previously on an extension of the works of Baxter Brothers, and had resigned his situation because he was convinced that the structure on which he was engaged was of such a nature that it could not stand. His action was justified. One day he was shocked to receive intimation that the building had collapsed, injuring eight men more or less seriously.

One Sunday forenoon, in March, 1891, I was at mass, at the Easter Service in St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Chapel, Dundee. The Bishop of the Diocese, the Bishop of Dunkeld, officiated, and gave a scholarly

address. In repose his face was sheepish, but when speaking it was alert and interesting. The music was superb, and beat the Presbyterian service hollow; but what a strange performance and mixing up of secular, sacred, dress, ceremonial, kneelings, bowings, crossings, double crossings, responses, Latin mutterings, incense, candles, wine, chalice, holy water, removing of jewelled mitre, putting on plain mitre, taking off plain mitre, putting on purple cowl, giving and taking the golden staff! Alas, all the impressiveness was dispelled when the Bishop, who had been watery at the nose, actually blew it in the face of the altar! . . . The priests must have had great power, for the intimation was made that a Committee would call on the flock and instruct them how to vote at the School Board Election. Fathers Holder and Clapperton were their candidates. The priests were to tell them how to divide their fifteen votes between two candidates, who generally topped the poll.

The Spring and Summer went past in a delightful mixture of writing and reading and country rambles, after the duties of the city had been performed. I continued my correspondence with a few school acquaintances, and from time to time contributed to the Press. That my youthful correspondents were worthy and intelligent, may be seen in the following extract:—

". . . . I was very glad, indeed, to learn of the encouragement you had got from the offices of the 'Weekly News' and 'Dundee Advertiser.' . . . The 'Grand Old Man' passed through Paris last week on his way to the South of France to spend some time in recruiting his health. He is a wonderful man. The French papers are very amusing in their talk of the 'Big Old Man,' the 'Great Old Man,' and the 'Large Old Man'—they always quote the English, and make a mess of it. On the whole, however, they have all a great reverence for the People's William, and, since his declaration at Newcastle in favour of the British Evacuation of Egypt, he has pleased them more than ever. The French, of course, would like to see Britain out of Egypt—and, personally speaking, I would rather have Salisbury's verdict on the question than that of W. E. G. . . . What a pity Rosebery is a peer! . . . I have begun to get quite interested in the new doctrine of Theosophy. I believe there is a debate on the 10th current on

this subject between Mrs. Annie Besant and a clergyman. If the debate is published I should feel awfully obliged if you would post me one. . . . I shall be glad to have your opinion of the whole matter."

Such are the wholesale orders imposed upon friendship!

One night in the Autumn I went to hear Mr. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board. It was the best political address I had ever heard. Afterwards I began to attend the local Parliament, where I remained dumb for many weeks. The silence, however, did break, as if by urgent necessity, as witness:—

27th November, 1891.

"Last week in the local Parliament I made my first political public effort. I felt equal to the task somehow, and rose in a half-irritated mood that helped to dispel nervousness. Sclater afterwards heard several members talking about it, and one said he had sat for several years in the House, and he had not heard a speech like it. . . . The best tribute, I considered, was the fact that the ex-Premier devoted nearly all his speech to tearing mine to pieces, and to knocking me generally into smithereens. Yet, in spite of the success, I was unsatisfied, I had omitted some of my best points, and had done poor enough. Conceit was far from me; no one was more alive to the weaknesses of the speech than myself. On Monday I received a message from the Liberal Whip, asking if I would attend a meeting of their leading speakers in Mather's Hotel, and what action I meant to take in the next debate? Being an Irish member, I refused to have any dealings with them. . . . That same night two men approached me for a lecture to working men: subject left to choice. I am not sure what to do."

I consented to address a meeting, and chose as my subject, "Payment of Members," and all as arranged, I appeared in the historic upstairs hall in Tally Street. Using extremely apposite *cliche*—that night I shall never forget. I was there doing my utmost, both in language and sincerity, to make my opinions acceptable, and to provide a rich, intellectual repast, instead of which several Social Democrats and Anarchists settled my hash without any unnecessary tenderness. The bombardment by interrogation was terrific, but I came through it, burdened by my appalling ignorance, feeling wonderfully benefited by

the encounter withal. They did not slay me utterly, and considered this bit passable:—

"Payment of members is the initial demand, a demand of honourable prestige, because it was a Chartist point. With them it was a point among many; with the Labour Party, it is the fine point of the wedge. But free choice of representatives will not make good voters. It is, after all, on the sterlingness of the individual, on the personal honesty of purpose, on the conquering of all political chicanery, that the health of the State depends, and free institutions are as naught where the stamina of the social unit is unworthy of them."

And, in their eyes, the undernoted slice wasn't half-bad:—

"When a section of the community is convinced that the conditions of its existence are inimical to its welfare, two ways are open—Revolution and Constitutionalism. As, numerically, Labour is the greatest factor in the State, the success of Revolution is only a matter of organisation, and, as far as the study of international relations and of ancient and modern warfare is concerned—might is right. A Revolution is wrong if unsuccessful: it is then termed an insurrection, and surgically treated as such. The beaten Revolution gets capital punishment; the successful—a portfolio. In medicine there are remedies so severe that they weaken the frame and drive the disease deeper into the system. In Nature, Revolution brings havoc and upheavals: her surest and best method is growth. The motive power of Revolution is not altogether one of principle. A desperate people overturn government as they would an apple-cart—for the chance it brings."

It was by my practical suggestion at the end that I won my auditors, and made both mild and bitter blend together. It will be observed that, prophetically, the name Independent Labour Party was used:—

"The workers of the country have practically no choice of representatives. They have the franchise, but those who would best voice their demands are debarred from presenting themselves by pecuniary disability. Thus to-day we see the voting labouring classes unrepresented. True, they vote, but it is only a choice between two puppets of two sets of wirepullers. It is a choice of the lesser evil. I am aware that there are those with discernment as feeble as their faith, who discover in the foibles and failings of present Labour Members of Parliament an argument against an 'Independent Labour Party.' They might as well blame the decalogue for the sins of mankind, or the rule of three, because of stupid arithmeticians. . . . In the coming election, Dundee is likely to have four candidates. Is there not,

in the circumstances, room for a fifth—a Labour candidate? Or shall it be said there is not enough determined cohesion and disinterested effort among our working men to secure an exponent of their ideas? The matter is worth weighing before the opportunity slips past."

The matter was weighed, and the opportunity taken, as the adventure of James Macdonald proved.

Not the Labour Church Entirely.

Upon the sunny mountain brow,
Among the busy throng,
Proclaim the day for which our hearts
Have prayed and waited long;
The grandest words that men have heard
Since ere the world began,
They are the Fatherhood of God—
The Brotherhood of Man!

Too long the night of ignorance
Has brooded o'er the mind;
Too long the love of wealth and power,
And not the love of kind;
Now let the blessed truth be flashed
To earth's remotest span,
Telling the Fatherhood of God—
The Brotherhood of Man!

Another medium of activity besides the local Branch of the Party was opened to us in 1892 through the formation of Dundee Labour Church. The institution covered two purposes: it kept the religious element in the cause robust, and it allowed lecturers to obtain a hearing on Sundays. From the very beginning of the Party it was difficult to secure halls for meetings. The proprietors were hostile, and doubted capacity of the Party to pay its way, not to mention their fears that at any moment damage to furniture might occur. The consequence was that I had to give a personal guarantee on many occasions ere the halls could be engaged. As for being allowed to desecrate

the Sabbath by letting halls to lecturers on politics, that was out of the question, but the wary factors were completely outflanked. I assisted in calling into existence the Labour Church. It was an instant success. Round the standard gathered many splendid and enthusiastic men and women. Indoor services were conducted every Sunday during the winter months in the Thistle Hall, at the head of Union Street, and outdoor meetings were held at stated times during the summer. The services were advertised in the weekly newspapers, and, as occasion required, by posters and handbills. The Church was managed by an Executive Council, the members of which, along with the Secretary, Lecturers, Leader of Singing, Pianist, and Choir, gave their work gratuitously. There were many prejudices to overcome in connection with the institution; and, alike socially and personally, we had hard rows to hoe. The politicians could not understand Sunday politics, and the ministers could not understand religious economics. Besides, there were always warnings and counsel of friends given from sincere affection :—

" . . . You should not trouble about me. Work is the great regulator. As regards the Labour Church, my duties are merely nominal now. As regards its religious side, I say simply that the Labour Movement is nearer the true God than any conventional church. Because it is untraditional, it is sure to have opponents in the existing churches. Last week it was a retired Established Church minister who lectured. I will send a small pamphlet soon which gives a good idea of the religious aspect. This is a subject which I had intended to pass without comment, but naturally did otherwise."

The public responded to our advertisements, and we were fortunate in our succession of speakers. Keir Hardie, whose advent to the House of Commons had created universal talk, gave the opening lecture. It was an auspicious beginning, and large audiences attended from week to week thereafter. On sale at meetings were the " Labour Prophet," " Clarion," and " Workman's Times."

Stray copies of the " Clarion " were being read in 1891 by men who had previously subscribed for the

"Sunday Chronicle," but Dundee Socialists in the main supported "Justice" and the "Workman's Times." Personally, I read the two last-named weeklies regularly, and although I pushed the "Clarion," when occasion arose, yet I never thoroughly respected it as a Labour paper. No one, however, could deny its brilliance, its logic, and its humour, and its capacity for reaching an otherwise inaccessible public. Specially was its usefulness felt after the demise of the "Workman's Times," a weekly whose file will, in the future, become a sacred possession. Yet, when all has been said, the essential Scot did not take easily to the "Clarion."

The general organisation, known as the Labour Church, was founded by John Trevor, the first church service being held in the Labour Institute, Byron Street, Manchester, on the first Sunday in October, 1891. In reading, prayer, and song, the traditional forms and phrases of religion were discarded, and every effort was made to emphasise the religion, not of creed or of history, but of actual everyday life, and especially of the growing Labour movement. Churches were afterwards formed in Accrington, Bradford, Barrow, Birmingham, Bolton, Cardiff, Dundee, Halifax, Oldham, and elsewhere. In a preface to the Hymn Book, published in September, 1892, the founder says:—

"The Labour Church is an organised effort to develop the religious life inherent in the Labour movement, and to give to that movement a higher inspiration and a sturdier independence in the great work of personal and social regeneration that lies before it. It appeals especially to those who have abandoned the traditional religion of the day without having found satisfaction in abandoning religion altogether. The message of the Labour Church is that without obedience to God's laws there can be no Liberty! The Gospel of the Labour Church is that God is in the Labour movement, working through it for the further emancipation of man from the tyranny—both of his half-developed nature and of those Social conditions which are opposed to his higher development. The call of the Labour Church is to men everywhere to become God's fellow-workers in the era of reconstruction on which we have entered."

The Labour Church had numerous publications

besides the "Labour Prophet," a 1d. monthly, edited by John Trevor. There were the Labour Church Hymn Book, a selection of hymns and songs specially suited for Labour services, issued at a 1d. and 2d.; the Labour Church Hymn and Tune Book, published at 1/6; and Cinderella songs for Cinderella meetings.

At a Conference held on Saturday and Sunday, 22nd and 23rd July, 1893, at Manchester, there were 17 delegates present from Labour Churches, not including churches in Dover, Longwood, Plymouth, and Sheffield. John Trevor, who presided, spoke of the religious convictions which had inspired him to begin the Labour Church. The financial statement was submitted by H. V. Herford, and the General Secretary, Fred Brocklehurst, presented a general report on the history of the churches and their work. The Conference agreed unanimously to form a Labour Church Union, the objects of which were:—

(1) The development of the religion of the Labour Movement;

(2) The realisation of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth by the establishment of a state of society founded upon Justice and Love!

It was decided unanimously not to have a President, but to appoint a Chairman of the Union, and to this office John Trevor was elected. Hugh V. Herford was appointed Treasurer, and Fred. Brocklehurst as General Secretary; and the four delegates who were elected members of the Council were Edwin Halford, Bradford; S. G. Hobson, Cardiff; S. Hodgkinson, Bolton; and J. C. Kennedy, Carlisle. The Manchester and Salford Labour Church showed great kindness in providing hospitality to the delegates and pioneers from other towns, and on Saturday evening a successful social was held. Labour Church services were held on the Ordsall Fair Ground, and in the People's Concert Hall, on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, when the addresses delivered created immense enthusiasm. Such is a brief record of the Labour Church, in so far as its activities covered the period of the existence of the Scottish Labour Party.

I endeavoured to establish a monthly magazine in Dundee in order to have local affairs presented in a new setting, but, although I received an encouraging number of advertisements, the magazine refused to be born. The most outstanding event in connection with the scheme was an interview and correspondence with Max Cowper regarding the first cartoon. Max, then obscure, has now reached the front rank among black and white artists. From a letter before me it appears that I could have had that particular page cartoon for a guinea.

Meanwhile, my pen was much in use undertaking all sorts of expeditions.

Wm. Roxburgh, in his time a contributor to the "Labour Leader" and "Forward," and at the moment a member of Rutherglen School Board, wrote me from Leslie to send him a copy of the "Clarion," and also that copy of the "Piper o' Dundee," containing my character sketch of the Rev. John M'Neil. Willie, having the gift of language, made his letter brief, not wishing, as he said, "to sacrifice the spotless lamb of Perspicuity on the miserable altar of Rhetoric," coupling the toast with the name of Archdeacon Farrar. I complied with Willie's request, and also sent him the manuscript of a novel for insertion in the "Leslie News," a paper in which he was interested.

Besides the Labour sheets already named, there were odd copies to be had of fugitive journals. Some, on the other hand, had acquired quite a firm hold. For instance, "Brotherhood," a penny monthly magazine, designed to help the peaceful evolution of a juster and happier social order, which was edited by J. Bruce Wallace, had been in circulation since 1890 to my knowledge. I met Bruce Wallace in Glasgow later, and retain a clear outline of his pale ascetic countenance, his calm, slow manner, his winsome smile. The magazine, "Brotherhood," was not unlike "Fraternity" in its contents and format. The latter was the organ of the International Society for the Recognition of the Brotherhood of Man, and was

issued from the "Labour Leader" office after it became a weekly. The late Mrs. Fyvie Mayo, of Aberdeen, was a faithful contributor to its columns and exchequer. I have seen many types of miscellany, but for preaching idealism in personal conduct, and for honest confession regarding its affairs, our Tolstoyan journal of the nineties, edited by a Scotsman, took pre-eminence. Even earnestness has humour.

From his address in Paternoster Square, F. R. Henderson issued the "New Order," a twopenny monthly, bearing under its title the text: "Not by Might, nor by Power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord!" It advocated non-resistance, and printed articles from the pens of Leo Tolstoy, J. Morrison Davidson, Ernest H. Crosby, and other Christians. Banging the big drum was not encouraged, and the Editor on one occasion acknowledged the sum of sixpence, which was the total amount in one month he had received towards the expenses of his paper, in these humble, but truthful words:

"In answer to several correspondents I may say that the circulation of the 'New Order' is only a few hundred per month (it varies from 500 upwards), and, of course, it does not pay expenses—never has done. If it did, I should begin to think there was something amiss, that truth was being toned down to suit a market."

Perhaps the smartest weekly of a Socialistic tendency, issued in 1891-1892, was "Ariel," or the London "Puck," edited by Israel Zangwill. It was uncommonly well written and illustrated. "Cynicus," Martin Anderson, of Tayport, contributed to its pages such popular cartoons as "The Coming Race: Preparing for the General Election"; "Education to the Rescue"; "Times' Rubbish Shoot"; and "Coming Down from their Pedestals." It was loved by the gods and consistently died young.

Visit of Edward Carpenter.

God bless our native land,
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore;
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.

I received a letter, dated Sunday, 8th January, 1893, from Bruce Glasier, intimating that Edward Carpenter could only come to Dundee to lecture on Wednesday, 15th February, and suggesting that a hall as large as could be risked should be taken. The subjects offered were: "The Future Society," and "The Breakdown of our Industrial System."

After the Scottish Labour Party Conference, on the 3rd January, held in Glasgow, I attended a social and dance held on the same evening under the auspices of the Socialist League, and, being on the alert to secure lecturers for the North, I had operated through Bruce Glasier because of his long Socialistic experience. Hence the letter. What mixed memories my Glasgow visit evokes! The earnest, turbulent, truculent, and, at later stages, rather seasonable character of the Conference; the happy social and merrier dance; the bright and courteous Glasier girls, the singing of "Carmagnole" and the "Marseillaise," the New Year element of gusto everywhere, the brief sleepless rest in George Carson's house on the South Side, the tramp through deep snow at five in the morning to Buchanan Street Station, and the memorable journey North along with Dr. Stirling Robertson, of Craigo.

I placed Glasier's communication before the Labour Church Committee, but they could not face the risk of the expense of a meeting in Thistle Hall. I asked liberty to undertake the engagements myself, and, having secured approval and co-operation of the Committee, I went ahead. The meeting was an entire success, and paid its way with a few shillings over,

and besides the lecture, vocal and instrumental music of a high order was provided.

During his visit, Carpenter accepted the hospitality of my bachelor lodgings in South Tay Street. It was a most enjoyable time, and there are certain recollections which give a fairly adequate index to Carpenter's personality. I can see him now, the tall slight figure gliding about so softly, or sitting so calm and still, his presence never impressing me with the idea of body.

His conversation was without strain—simple and considerate in the manner of it. His references to people, while invariably keenly discriminating, were clothed in kindness. Along with an intimate knowledge of men and events, and the maintenance of many friendships, Carpenter carried a remoteness which allowed him to see relations justly. The Christian injunction, to be in the world but not of it, he fulfilled in an altogther individual way. Often I smile to myself when I recall that visit, for my gentle landlady placed before us a laden board calculated to gladden an eater of meat, whereas I discovered that my guest had secreted about his belongings a tin canister containing shelled nuts, on which, as fruitarian or nutarian, he in the main existed. In the evening, after persuading me to play on a rickety organ, he also sat down to it. After hearing him play, I was astonished at the patience he had shown with me—he must have suffered much. But if you want a delightful experience, walk towards mid-night, arm in arm with Edward Carpenter, along the fair stretch of Dundee Esplanade, while the stars are blinking in the restful blue and in the flowing tide of the beautiful Tay, while the moon casts a shimmering highway of gold across the darksome waters. Your companion is an astronomer, but he is also a poet with a cosmic sense which radiates harmony. A curious combination that of poet, scientist, musician, lecturer, market gardener, traveller, mystic, and Social reformer! Like Kropotkin, Carpenter is one of the great men in our midst who cannot by nature advertise themselves.

Mayhap it shall be as in the case of Francis Adams, who died that same year, his "Songs of the Army of the Night" being comparatively unknown, and now familiar to dilettantes and democrats.

The narrative of a transitional period cannot be wisely set down without an occasional touch of intimate personal confession, because the public side of a man is usually only the studied and polished surface. I make no excuse for the following note or any others that may be quoted:—

17th March, 1893.

". . . . Heaven only knows what my own life will develop into, it is so isolated among crowds of acquaintances. Work, work, which is never seen and never acknowledged, for the class to which I owe all. Had I sought money I might have been worth some; had I sought fame I might often be heard of when my name is held back; and had I now the personal sympathy I so much require, I could do more for the cause. But, after all, it is well, and I seem to have more faith than at times I am conscious of. . . . I have a lecture on also in a week or so, and then there is to be a social, a 'Labour At-Home,' in April, and the arrangements are many."

In April, a schoolmate, hearing I was at home on a visit, wrote me with an invitation to go with him to hear Strachan, advocate, Edinburgh, who was to address a Liberal Association Social Meeting. Then, as if remembering old times, he added, "or perhaps, better still, we might spend the afternoon on the hills." In another letter he wrote:—

"It's a pity you should have to work and worry over what I fear will be but a thankless task. Of course, this is not a patriotic sentiment I make use of, still you know as well as I that you are giving your attention to the Labour cause at too great a sacrifice."

Soon after this note was written my friend emigrated to America, and within eight months he sent me a long communication, in which he said:—

"I wonder oft how the Labour cause progresses. I hope you don't lack encouragement in your labours for this great work. Work which I consider and hold to be aggressive, practical Christianity. For various and obvious reasons I haven't connected myself with the cause here. There is an organisation in this city (Holyoke, Mass.), but so far as I know it is little more than the name. As regards the Rights of

Labour, to me it seems they are trampled on and abused as much here as at home. Working men generally have got much to learn as to their power, commercially as well as politically. The French—and even more so the German—sections of the community seem to be the most active in this work. The Germans generally, I think, in their principle incline to Socialism."

Announcements appeared that Katherine St. John Conway, B.A., member of the Executive of the Independent Labour Party, would visit Scotland, and that she would deliver a series of lectures. In April she came to Dundee, and her coming was an inspiration to everyone connected with the movement. She was youthful, sanguine, and sincere, her words giving the men more zeal and her presence giving the little band of local women the confidence they so much desiderated. Her meetings were well attended, and the newspapers were not unfriendly. And here it may be said that with the efforts of the late W. F. Black, of the "People's Journal"; Andrew Caird, of the "Advertiser"; the brothers Ogilvy, John and Thomas; William Forbes, and myself, we could usually get a place in the sun of publicity for the movement.

The "Piper o' Dundee," 19th April, 1893, contained the undernoted sketch, with portrait:—

"Miss Katherine St. John Conway, B.A., who, on Sunday last, delivered to large audiences assembled in the Dundee Labour Church, two inspiriting and thoughtful and noteworthy addresses, is a young and rather fragile-looking woman, who has earned prestige as a worker in the cause of Labour, and who holds acknowledged position as one of the champions of the women workers. Miss St. John Conway is not a mere faddist; she has not taken up the heavy work of her mission without counting the cost. An accomplished student, she, after studying for some time at the London University, resolved to specialise her studies, and proceeding to Newenham College, she passed with high honours in classics, and soon was appointed Classical Mistress of a High School at Bristol. While at

Bristol she was irresistably drawn to consider the condition of the women workers, and began to take an active interest in the Labour cause. Feeling that her work in this direction did not meet with the approval of the school authorities, she resigned the position she held, and entered the Board School as teacher, in order to study children and the conditions under which they made their start in a work-a-day life. In the cotton strike at Bristol, of 1890-91, Miss St. John Conway took an active part. She started in journalistic work, and from that time onwards her pencil has never been idle, and she has worked untiringly on behalf of the workers at the nailmakers' strike, at the hatters' strike, at the cotton strike, and last week at Hull. Like all who have intimate knowledge of strikes, Miss St. John Conway loathes and deplores them, and she has never had a hand in declaring a strike, but wherever and whenever one has been declared she has been ready to do all and dare all for the workers. The contributions of this clever writer are familiar to the readers of the great Labour organs, such as the 'Weekly Times and Echo,' the 'Sunday Chronicle,' and the 'People's Journal.' A ready and fluent speaker, thoroughly conversant with her subjects to their innermost detail, Miss St. John Conway is a powerful advocate of the cause she has espoused. In the great working class centres of England she is warmly welcomed, and the reception which she is receiving on her first trip to Scotland augurs well for her taking as prominent a place in the affections of the working men and women of the North."

In the evening, when the above notice appeared, Katherine Conway addressed a meeting in the Large Victoria Hall, subject, "Liberalism: True and False." There was a big attendance, and, owing to the intervention of sundry irascible Irishmen, the proceedings were lively and non-sedative. I was chairman, and can give evidence. There was a social and dance held in the same hall two evenings later, with George

Carson in the chair, accompanied by Dr. Stirling Robertson. At a certain stage, Katherine Conway was presented with a souvenir of her visit.

About this time the jute workers of Dundee came out on strike, and excitement ran high. My position was not enviable, because while in the confidence of one of the leading employers in the trade, and knowing both sides of the case, my sympathies were with the mill and factory workers. I saw them daily at their several occupations, I knew their hours and conditions, I handed them wages from week to week, and so when the employers attempted to reduce wages my heart and hope went to the workers. Therefore the undernoted letter:—

"8th May, 1893.

. . . . It was a big strike—and just. The general opinion among masters, shopkeepers, and the workers themselves, was that the workers would lose the battle. From the beginning I said the masters would cave in. When the notices were put up I gave the position a little study, and came to the conclusion that the revolt was justifiable, and the position of the employers was absurd. With me the proof that the revolt was justifiable was the fact that with only a fraction organised the great bulk of the operatives declined to work, and at a time when the rent was nearly due and summer duds required. Subsistence wages are what the employers aim at. . . . . I was at the theatre last week, and saw 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' by Oscar Wilde. It was very smart, bristling with epigrammatic wit. I was also at a Kinderspiel, 'The Happy Family,' played by the children of St. David's Church. It was more enjoyable than the play—everything that is fresh, easy, and pardonable about the children!"

And here is another personal glimpse:—

"27th May, 1893.

. . . . On Thursday night I looked into the Gilfillan Memorial Hall and heard the Hon. Edward Blake, late Canadian Premier. He is a man of great presence, and eloquent after a certain style, and possessed of a genial, expressive countenance. The Irishmen gave him a great reception. How blind men are! How menial they can become! Cheering phrases, praising and blaming individuals, scratching the crust of our Social problem! . . . . ."

Then one day I had an experience which at first seemed like a shadow from the strike:—

"12th June, 1893.

. . . . I was agreeably surprised this afternoon when

one of the partners invited me to have tea with him on Friday night, as he is to have a few friends with him. Knowing my want of respectability and unpopular opinions, I thought when he spoke in private that it was the sack. But the unexpected happens. Business moves along very quietly just now and naught new. The Independent Labour Party, however, fights summer and winter, till the dawn of the Social Revolution! . . . . I am contemplating my summer holidays in a style magnifique. It appears to me that if a young man does not see about him he has little chance when old. Therefore, though the poorhouse be my destiny, I will try to see a little before then. It is not yet decided—Zurich, London, or Belfast. Any of these cities would be an education, and that is the idea. We are in general doomed to monotony and I must try to rebel. . . . ."

Belfast was in my view, because of the coming Trades Union Congress, and Zurich because of the coming International. Yet I was not without relaxations of a kind, as witness:—

" 24th June, 1893.

. . . . For several Saturdays the afternoon has been given to writing music at the dictation of Shand, my blind friend. A kittle, taxing job! And the subject is a long waltz, his own composition, and a melodious one at that. We will try some publishers with it when written out—which means many a busy hour yet—and see if it will take. As a waltz I consider it, without prejudice, far above the favourite of last season. Personal service, I think, lies at the root of making a tolerable world. . . . Last Sunday, recognising the need of a good store of pure air, Bremner, a young man of my own age, and I set out at ten in the morning for the hills. We had ammunition in solids—bread, eggs, and fruit—and spent till nine at night the free open life under the sun. Result: temporary ruddy skin, and to-day the skin is peeling off white from my neck!"

" 12th August, 1893.

John Watson, a Lochee friend, and I spent last Saturday afternoon among the cliffs of Arbroath, and the change was simply scrumptuous. Caves, crannies, channel, sand, and sweep of the German Ocean! . . . Into the question of a new minister, a class for whom I have little affection, I will not venture. From your description he should have a pleasant position. Will he dare to preach the whole Gospel? If so, he will find the world hot for him, and he will be called a crank and fool. . . . ."

During the pioneer period we had to put all our goods in the window in order to dispel a feeling of

meagreness, and also to impress the philistine. The style came to be: "We shall name only some of the most eminent in our own country. The most momentous of recent scientific discoveries was arrived at simultaneously by two men, Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace. The latter is a Socialist. John Stuart Mill, the saint of Rationalism, died a Socialist. William Morris would have been the next Poet Laureate of England had he not become the Poet Laureate of Socialism. Walter Crane, Stopford Brooke, Grant Allen, are honoured names—they are the names of Socialists."

But we had reason to be proud of our lecturers. Their utterances left an excellent impression on the public, and brought in valuable recruits. R. B. Kerr, advocate, Edinburgh, addressed the Labour Church. He was a young man of engaging appearance and a careful, fluent speaker. I remember his pamphlet, "The Case for Socialism" (1892) as one of the best of its period. Then we had a visit from the Rev. John Glasse, D.D., minister of Greyfriars Parish Church, Edinburgh, and I cannot do better than quote a reference which Keir Hardie made to the Socialist clergyman:—

"... What they expected to see was a tall, unshaved, grim, sepulchral looking embodiment of religious bigotry ... what they saw was a genial, blithe, handsome man, full of the milk of human kindness and thoroughly versed in the economics of Socialism. Dr Glasse is no novice in the movement. In the middle eighties I remember him stumping the country organising Land and Labour Leagues, bearing his share of the work and expense—almost a heresy for a minister to pay for anything—and gathering round him in the Capital of Scotland a band of brilliant and talented young men—lawyers, bankers, doctors, students, and a very select few of the *elite* of the working classes—and inspiring them with his own zeal to go forth to work for the New Cause. When miners and other Conferences met in the city the delegates—or, at least, the hopeful ones—never failed of an invitation to the manse, where, round the dinner table, and sometimes far into the morning, wit and illustration, and argument and song, good rollicking Irish song—and negro melody, too—would all be used to enlist their sympathies and their support for Socialism and the cause of human freedom generally. ... He remains

the same large-hearted earnest man of ability as he was then, and he has but one regret—that the limitations of his position prevent him throwing himself unreservedly into the Socialist movement, where, and where alone among modern movements, freedom and largeness of action and breadth of outlook are not only tolerated, but welcomed; are, in fact, essential."

Leo Melliet, ex-Mayor of the Paris Commune, came North, also from Edinburgh, and gave us a lecture. He was a man of attractive candour and simple manner, who, in the course of his profession as a teacher of French, and in the course of his voluntary lecturing on Socialism, never made ostentation of his marvellous experiences and great learning. Little did the man in the seat dream that the dapper lecturer, with coal-black beard and broad white brow, had been at one time sentenced to death, and, having escaped from France, was still in exile.

When Enid Stacey, B.A., paid her first visit to Dundee she was a picture of health and bright looks. To be a girl straight from College, she had a singular absence of the blue-stocking in her nature, and, on the contrary, she carried a wealth of intellectual power in good spirits and without constraint. She had a clear white and red complexion, and a serene brow, such as I had seen on two eminent scholars whose powers ripened early. Enid did excellent work in Dundee, and her convincing lectures were largely attended. She addressed two out-door meetings and five indoor, one of the latter being held in Weavers' Hall, Lochee. Then she went further afield, and along with a number of Dundee Socialists, formed a Branch of 28 members in Arbroath. On the 9th October, at the request of the new Branch, she paid a return visit to Arbroath, and received a great welcome, the hall being packed and many people unable to gain admission. Afterwards she lectured a few days in Brechin, and from there journeyed to Aberdeen, where she addressed two meetings on "Modern Shams" and "Causes of Poverty." Enid Stacey was present at the Conference in Dundee which closed Champion's career in Scotland.

The Fourth Annual Conference and First I.L.P. Conference.

Divines inform us that the Primal Curse
On poor humanity was Compulsory Work;
But Civilisation has devised a worse,
Which even Christian effort seems to shirk.
The Worker's woes love may assuage. Ah, yes!
But what shall help Compulsory Worklessness?
Not Faith, Hope, Charity even! All the Graces
Are helpless, without Wisdom in high places.
Though liberal alms relieve the kingly soul,
You can't cure Destitution by a Dole.
No, these are days when we must dare to try
What a Duke calls—Argyll the high and dry—
"The Unseen Foundations of Society";
And not, like wealthy big-wigs, be content
With smart attacks on "Theories of Rent."
Most theories of rent we know; the fact is
What we have no doubts about, Duke, is—the practice!
When Rent in Power's hands become a rack
To torture Toil, bold wisdom will hark back
To the beginnings and the bases: ask
What hides beneath the Economic mask
Which smiles unmoved by Sorrow's strain and stress
On half-starved Work and whole-starved Worklessness!

—From "Punch (1893).

The Fourth Annual Conference of the Scottish Labour Party, held on Tuesday, 3rd January, 1893, in the Lesser City Hall, Glasgow, was attended by about 150 delegates. The Rev. Alexander Webster, Kilmarnock, who presided, complimented the Conference on its cheerful appearance, and said that the only thing they had to do was to cease making any sort of apology for their existence. In his report, Keir Hardie, M.P., Secretary, stated that gratifying progress had been made, and at the General Election, in which the Labour Party for the first time had been in evidence as an organised force, a good beginning had been achieved. The money given for the contests was donated unconditionally by the givers, and for the first time the Party had a balance on the right side of the ledger. Several of those who had attended previous Conferences, and

some of whom were honorary officials, had been unable to stand the strain of the General Election in the past year, and were, in odd cases, found supporting their opponents. To remedy this in future he advised that the constitution be amended so as to prohibit anyone holding office who was a member of any political organisation outside the Independent Labour Party.

Dr. Stirling Robertson had been returned to Forfarshire County Council; new Branches had been formed by Robert Brodie and George Carson. The need for a Scottish newspaper was much felt, and although the "Workman's Times" was doing good service, it could not possibly cover the whole ground. He suggested the founding of a monthly magazine to be issued from Glasgow under the control of their Party.

Hardie strongly urged every Branch to be represented at Bradford, on the 13th, at the First General Conference of Delegates of Sections of the Independent Labour Party and other organisations pledged to political independence in the interest of Labour. He believed the gathering would be a success, as there seemed to be a wise spirit of toleration abroad. There were in Scotland 23 Branches of the Party, extending from Dumfries to Dundee, and one of these Branches was for women—the first of its kind in Great Britain. On the motion of Eadie, Glasgow Trades Council, the report was adopted.

The following resolutions were passed, and others were either deferred or dropped:—

(1) "That in the interest of women who work in factories and warehouses, it is necessary to have an increase in the number of inspectors, and that competent working women be appointed to these posts."

Mover, Kate Taylor, Women's Branch of the Scottish Labour Party. Seconder, Murray Kaye.

(2) "That in places where Branches and Organisations with similar ends are grouped together, District Councils, for the better organisation of the district, be formed."

Mover, Mr. Harper. Seconder, John Adams, Tradeston.

(3) "That the Conference endorse the resolution of the Trades Congress anent the Nationalisation of Mines, approve generally of the draft Bill prepared, and recommend all Members of Parliament to support the Bill."

Mover, William Small. Seconder, Robert Smillie.

Among those who took part in the discussions were Charles Freer (Hutchesontown), M'Grath, Harper, J. Adams, and Robert Chambers (Tradeston), John Biggar (Central), and the Rev. William Mackay (College). At the close of the business, the meeting congratulated Hardie on his return as representative for South-West Ham, hailing with satisfaction his advent to the House of Commons, because whoever might be corrupted or who ever might turn aside, he, at least, could not be corrupted and would not turn aside. Thereafter the Party, at a private meeting, unanimously agreed that the delegates to Bradford Conference should vote for Hardie as President, and Shaw Maxwell as Secretary, and the Socialist Labour Party as the name of the new organisation.

At the Bradford Conference, held on Friday and Saturday, 13th and 14th January, 1893, Scotland was represented by the following delegates:—Keir Hardie, M.P. (Cumnock), George Carson, James Colton, Chas. F. Freer, R. Chisholm Robertson, John Barrie, and Jas. Alston (Glasgow), Robert Smillie (Larkhall), Wm. Small (Blantyre), R. B. Kerr (Edinburgh), and James Bremner (Dundee). George Carson, Secretary of the Arrangements Committee, was much and early in evidence, and his services contributed largely to the success of this historic gathering. Hardie, who was appointed Chairman of the Conference, published at a later date in the "Labour Leader" the following excellent synopsis of the Conference decisions:—

Name.—The Independent Labour Party.

Object.—To bring about the collective ownership of all the means of production, distribution and exchange; and to secure the Federation of all the organisations within the United Kingdom which have this for their object, and seek to realise it through

the independent representation of Labour on all legislative, governing and administrative bodies.

Membership.—No person opposed to the principles of the Independent Labour Party shall be eligible for membership in any affiliated Branch.

Annual Conference.—An Annual Conference of one delegate from each Branch shall be held at which reports from the officials shall be presented, and an Administrative Council and a Secretary and Treasurer elected. Special Conferences may be called at any time at the request of two-thirds of the Members of the Administrative Council or one-third of the Branches.

Head.—The supreme and governing authority of the Independent Labour Party is a Conference—Annual or Special—of Branch Delegates.

Administrative Council.—The Conference shall elect an Administrative Council of 15 members on the following basis:—London and the South, 4; Midland and Eastern Counties, 3; Northern Counties, 5; Scotland, 3. Members of the Administrative Council shall hold office till the next Conference, and are eligible for re-election. Vacancies are to be filled by nomination from the constituency in which they occur.

Powers of Administrative Council.—The Administrative Council shall carry out the decisions of the Conference from which it is appointed, but shall not initiate any new departure.

Duties of Administrative Council.—(1) To carry out to the best of their power the resolutions passed by the Annual Conference. (2) To raise funds for carrying on an active propaganda work by means of distributing suitable literature and holding public meetings. (3) To raise a Special Election Fund to aid districts financially when running Independent Labour Candidates for Parliament. No contribution can be accepted by the Administrative Council when the donors stipulate that their contributions shall be assigned to any given candidate, or make any other stipulation which interferes with the discretion of the Administrative Council in disbursing the same. (4) To take such action as circumstances may justify in constituencies where an

election is pending, and in which no Independent Labour organisation exists. The Administrative Council shall not interfere with the Rules, Constitution, or internal affairs of any local organisation, but may report to the Annual Conference any breach of principle on the part of any organisation seeking representation at said Conference.

Candidates.—Failing local selection, the Administrative Council shall be empowered to select candidates where the circumstances make it desirable, subject to the approval of the local Branch. Financial aid can only be given candidates when these are put forward by an organisation affiliated to the Independent Labour Party, and on condition that the candidate be seeking election to the House of Commons, and has subscribed to the following conditions:—(1) That he subscribe to the objects and programme of the Independent Labour Party. (2) That, if returned to Parliament, he will form one of the Independent Labour Party there, and sit in opposition, no matter what Party be in power. (3) That he will act with the majority of the Independent Labour Party in Parliament in advancing the interests of Labour, irrespective of the convenience of any political party.

Branches.—Branches shall pay an affiliation fee of 3d per member per annum to the National Treasurer. Each local Branch shall have complete local autonomy, and full control over its policy and finance within the limits of the constitution of the National Independent Labour Party.

Programme.—(1) Restriction by law of the working day to eight hours. (2) Abolition of overtime, piecework, and prohibition of the employment of children under 14 years. (3) Provision for the sick, disabled, aged, widows and orphans, the necessary funds to be raised by tax upon unearned incomes. (4) The collective ownership of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange. (5) Free, unsectarian, primary, secondary, and University education. (6) Remunerative work for the unemployed. (7) Abolition of indirect taxation, and taxation to

extinction of unearned incomes. (8) A graduated income tax.

Political.—The Independent Labour Party is in favour of every proposal for extending electoral rights and democratising the system of Government.

Officials.—Secretary—Shaw Maxwell, London; Treasurer—John Lister, Halifax. Administrative Council—London: Joseph Burgess, Pete Curran, Katharine St. John Conway, Dr. Aveling. Northern Counties: Alfred Settle (Manchester), W. H. Drew (Bradford), J. C. Kennedy (Carlisle), W. Johnston (Manchester), John Lister (Halifax). Midland Counties: George S. Christie (Nottingham), A. Field (Leicester), A. W. Battery (Stafford). Scotland: William Small (Blantyre), George Carson (Glasgow), R. Chisholm Robertson (Glasgow).

On Saturday, 28th January, 1893, the sole representative from the North, I attended the Fourth Annual Business Meeting of the Scottish Labour Party, which was held in the City Hall Committee Room, Glasgow, the Rev. Alexander Webster presiding. There was a large attendance of delegates and country members. The report of the Executive and the Financial Statement for the year ending 31st December, 1892, were adopted. A passage in the report ran:—

"The issues we represent are too momentous to be set aside for one moment to suit the convenience of any Party. It is evident that the Party now in power means to burke all genuine Labour questions, either by relegating them to the care of an impotent, hostile, and time-wasting commission, or pleading the importance of proposals for improving the legislative machine. Without depreciating the importance of Home Rule to the people of Ireland, it is of minor consequence to the people of this country, and not to be compared with social legislation in the interests of the unemployed, and any attempt to make this latter question subserve the convenience of Home Rule or anything else will be bitterly resented."

The financial statement was a wonderful document, showing an income of £1408 0/7. There was a cash balance of £236 19/7 at the end of the year. The Secretary read letters of fraternal greeting received from the Social Democratic Party of Germany and the Parti Ouvrier of France, the former signed by T.

Auer, Richard Fischer, August Bebel, and Paul Singer; the latter signed by Paul Lafargue. Here is an excerpt from the German message:

"Our interests are the same as yours, the social and international conditions of all civilised countries—among which England and Scotland occupy one of the most prominent places—have everywhere produced the same result: the subjugation and exploitation of Labour. Therefore the struggle for freedom carried on in all countries by those working men who recognise the true position and interests of their class, can be victorious only when they march onward all abreast and assist one another by words and deeds. We hold out our hand to you for this alliance in view of a common struggle."

The following is an extract from the French message:—

"To our thinking, Great Britain, industrially the most highly developed country in Europe; the country in which landed property is concentrated in the hands of a few thousand landlords; the country that with Chartism set the world an example of a constituted working class Party, fighting for the conquest of political power, ought always to be in the forefront of the Socialist movement. Yet Great Britain has too long presented the sorry spectacle of an admirably organised and powerful working class held in tow by the Capitalist Parties, and bending to the yoke now of the Tories, now of the Liberals."

In its reply to the French and German letters the Scottish Labour Party stated that the Labour movement in Scotland aimed "at using the political machine as a means for realising Socialism."

Resolutions were carried unanimously in favour of (a) Election Fund; (b) May-Day Demonstrations; (c) Local Consulting Committees; (d) Penny Monthly Magazine; (e) Conformation of Scottish Labour Party Programme to that of the Independent Labour Party as agreed to at the Bradford Conference; and (f) Honorarium of £100 to Shaw Maxwell for his services as Secretary for the year then current.

Thus ended the best attended and the most satisfactory meeting of any held up till that date in connection with the Scottish Labour Party.

Chiefly Concerning Glasgow.

God is our guide! from field, from wave,
From plough, from anvil, and from loom
We come our country's right to save,
And speak a tyrant faction's doom.
And hark! we raise from sea to sea,
The sacred watchword, Liberty!
God is our guide! no swords we draw,
We kindle not war's battle fires;
By union, justice, reason, law,
We claim the birthright of our sires,
We raise the watchword, Liberty!
We will, we will, we will be free!

—From a pre-Reform Bill Song (1832).

It was in the air. Professor Huxley had affirmed that he would rather be a savage in the backwoods than an English labourer. John Rae in an article against Socialism had admitted that in the wealthiest nation in the world every twentieth inhabitant was a pauper, and that most working men were too poorly fed to save them from starvation diseases; the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes had reported that the children of the poor were brought up under conditions that made health, decency, and morality impossible for them; Herbert Spencer in his "Social Statics" had asserted that equity demanded the co-heirship of all men to the soil; James Hinton had maintained that the world had never been worse, and that the state of things was the *reductio ad absurdum* of orthodox Political Economy; Max Nordau had stated that all phases of social and individual life showed a deep dissatisfaction with existing conditions, and appealed for radical change; Joseph Cowen, of Newcastle, had warned his contemporaries that if society did not soon settle certain questions, those questions would soon settle society; and even W. E. Gladstone had asked, "What is human life, in the great majority of instances, but a mere struggle for existence?"

Believing that there was a wide sphere of usefulness for a magazine which could review concisely the

progress of the Labour movement and the trend of public opinion, Keir Hardie established the "Labour Leader" as a monthly in February, 1893—all profits to be devoted to the movement. The men of those days had a passion for nominating benefits which never matured. During its twelve months of existence as a monthly, the magazine contained splendid reading matter and presented a fresh outlook on public events. Able articles were contributed by the Editor from month to month, and occasional articles from other talented writers. Specially do I recall "The Labourer is Worthy of his Hire," by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, and "May-Day, New and Old," by the Rev. W. Mackay. "The Right to Leisure," translated and adapted from the French of Paul Lefargue, by James Blackwell, appeared in the "Labour Leader" before being issued in pamphlet form. The May number contained a two-page cartoon, "The Pursuit of Labour," by Cynicus. Seated in the boat of Independent Labour, Hardie and John Burns were depicted rowing towards the land of Economic Emancipation, while in vain Gladstone from the shore tried to entice them back with the bubbles of vain professions and a programme of false hopes. In the same number, "The Eight Hours' Question," by J. M. Robertson, was thoroughly dissected, the book being described as one that would go far to destroy the reputation the author had deservedly earned by his earlier work, "The Fallacy of Savings." Under the nom-de-plume, "Bricktop," Robert Harveson, of Cathcart, contributed notes, and there were several nameless scribes. Among those who contributed verses to the "Labour Leader" were George Murray Kaye, Archibald M'Arthur, Tom Maguire, Dr. John Glasse, William Heavisides, Bruce Glasier, Jim Connell, W. A. Carlisle, and Alexander Westwood.

Tom Maguire, in company with a few friends, inaugurated in Leeds during the autumn the "Labour Champion," to which he gave brilliant work. One writer in the "Labour Leader" advised workers everywhere not to buy Capitalistic newspapers on the

plea that they should not buy sticks to "crack their ain croons." Agents for the "Labour Leader" were Edwin Halford, Bradford; Joe Waddington, Manchester; Shaw Maxwell and William Reeves, London; and A. Dickinson, Edinburgh.

The first Socialist organisation formed in Glasgow was a branch of the Social Democratic Federation, the promoters including James Mavor (who afterwards became a Professor of Political Economy in Toronto), Bruce Glasier, and W. J. Nairne. Soon afterwards Mavor and Glasier seceded from the Federation and formed a branch of the Socialist League.

Besides eight divisional branches of the Scottish Labour Party, there were in Glasgow several propagandist agencies. The Social Democratic Federation, for instance, held lectures every Sunday evening in their hall at 87 Gallowgate; and the Labour Army, under the Secretaryship of J. S. Kidd, conducted lectures every Sunday evening in the large Albion Hall. There was also a Glasgow Anarchist Communist Group, which published "The Chicago Martyrs: their speeches in Court," a sixpenny book. Then the Socialist League contained many choice spirits who brought eminent lecturers to the city, and now and then a few Fabians gave evidence of existence.

The Scottish Labour Party merged into the Independent Labour Party. The Social Democratic Federation became the British Socialist Party, and perhaps looks back with bright eyes to the Gallowgate days of bumper meetings enlivened by free discussion. After Agnes Henry lectured to the Glasgow Social Democrats she was of opinion that Anarchists were as doves compared to them. The Labour Army after an active life of three years signalised its amalgamation with the Scottish Labour Party by a lecture on Sunday, 27th August, 1893, which was attended by most of the leading men and women in the Trade Union and Labour movement in and around Glasgow. The lecturer was Keir Hardie, M.P., who took for his subject, "What I live for." The chair was occupied by Arch. M'Arthur, and the audience crammed the

large Albion Hall and overflowed into the lesser hall downstairs, which was also packed, while hundreds had to be turned away, unable to obtain standing room anywhere. An outburst of cheering greeted the member for West Ham when he appeared on the platform with his aged mother leaning on his arm.

One of the last gatherings of the Socialist League was a meeting to celebrate the anniversary of the Paris Commune, held on 17th March, 1893, in the Albion Hall, when speeches were delivered by Andreas Scheu, J. Bruce Glasier, William Nairn, and Joe Burgoyne. The League did much for Socialism in Scotland, and stood for the complete Revolutionary ideal. Referring to its dissolution, a contemporary says:—

"Although non-Parliamentarian in its principles it did not sever itself from close and sympathetic touch with other Socialist bodies. Its dissolution a month or two ago was due to the same tendencies which have manifested themselves in other parts of the country. One section of its members drifted more and more towards political action, and identified themselves with the Labour Party programme; the other section became more resolutely determined against political means of propaganda and amelioration, and have declared themselves Anarchists. It is noteworthy that William Morris, who was the foremost figure—the leader, in fact, although that word was always repudiated by himself and his comrades—of the League, has now associated himself with the political party. Morris, although a Revolutionist alike in idea and feeling, never was in favour of Anarchism, as far as Anarchism implies any qualification of the aims of Socialism, or rather Communism, and though he would still prefer to be associated with a party or body of Socialists entirely free from the compromise and opportunism which are, of course, inseparable, yet he prefers rather to rank himself among Socialists who are Parliamentarian than Communists who make claims for individual autonomy, which his social and artistic perception does not approve."

The necessary elements were coalescing in the West of Scotland, and it was significant that in June, when Glasgow Trades Council agreed to send a delegate to the International Congress at Zurich, their selection was John W. Warrington, President of the Council, one of the earliest members of the Glasgow Socialist League, and an active propagandist.

When the members of the Scottish Labour Party Branches in Glasgow met to decide on a programme for the Municipal Elections of 1893, they agreed to the following proposals among others :—

(1) The taxation of land up to its full value, and the taxation of all incomes over £500;
(2) Municipal distribution, beginning with the food supply;
(3) Muncipal public-houses, to control and transform the drink traffic;
(4) Municipal bread shops, dairies, groceries, drug stores, etc.;
(5) Municipal production extending gradually to all the main branches of industry;
(6) Municipal dwellings for artisans;
(7) Trade Union rates and conditions for all tradesmen, who, either directly or under contracts, are working for the city;
(8) All salaries over £300 to remain stationary;
(9) A maximum eight hours' day for all Municipal employees;
(10) Work for the unemployed;
(11) Municipal Labour Colonies; and
(12) Free cross ferries.

At this time numerous outdoor meetings were being held in Glasgow, and large quantities of literature disposed of by this means, while new adherents were being enrolled; and also, chiefly through the efforts of George Carson, District Councils were instituted.

Dunfermline Fabian Society, founded in the same year, was the first Socialist organisation formed in Fife. The tentative efforts of the society were lectures, personal propaganda and newspaper discussions, and in all these William Stewart, who seven years later joined the "Labour Leader" staff, took his share.

Up to this point the literature of the Scottish movement was extremely sparse, and the few pamphlets in circulation were bought with leisure. J. Dupont, a member of the Glasgow Socialist League, had published a lecture which he delivered in the Athenæum to the French Literary Society, entitled "The Evolution of Marriage." It was a threepenny tractate. William Diack had published a lecture which he had delivered in Greyfriars' Hall, under the auspices of Aberdeen Socialist Society, entitled "The Moral Effects of Socialism." It was a penny pamphlet.

Matthew Gass (Glasgow) had issued "The Socialism of Jesus," a penny pamphlet in which powerful reasons were presented for the author's contention that the ethics of Jesus imply, and, therefore, corroborate the economics of Marx. From H. Russell Smart had come "Socialism and Drink," a penny pamphlet, written by one sympathetic to the Temperance cause, and I had myself published, under the nom de plume of "Tricotrin," a twopenny pamphlet, entitled "Mutuality," as an expression of the Labour Church. From the Labour Literature Society, Ltd., 105 London Street (Works, 10 Stockwell Place), printers to Glasgow Trades Council, there came a series of propaganda leaflets (2/- per 1000), such as:—(1) "Improved Machines"; (2) "The Commonsense of Socialism"; (3) "Honest Toil"; (4) "The Causes of Ill-Health Among Workers"; (5) "The Respectable Working Man"; (6) "Working Men, Indeed"; (7) "How Competition Ruins the Workers"; (8) "The Coal Trade." The famous London Street depot also published Keir Hardie's "Mines' Nationalisation Bill," with a pamphlet explaining the advantages of the measure, but perhaps its most important production was J. Bruce Glasier's "Socialist Songs, compiled from Many Authors," a little grey-covered brochure which was sold for threepence. Concerning the origin of the collection of songs James Leatham wrote:—

> "Somewhere in the dim and distant past, Bruce Glasier asked me for permission to draw upon the collection of songs brought together by me, and now familiar to Socialists and Labour men all over Britain in its form of a 16mo. booklet, in sober brown paper covers. The permission was given, of course; but for month after month I waited in vain for the projected song book to make its appearance, and I had begun to think I should have to bring out a fourth edition of my own bookie, long since out of print, though the demand for it continues unabated. Here is the Glasgow collection at last. . . ."

From over the Border we received—"Wages and Capital," by Karl Marx, translated by J. L. Joynes, author of the "Socialist Catechism," a valuable penny pamphlet of 24 pages; and a series of useful leaflets issued by the Liverpool Fabian Society. The famous

letters to John Smith, which had appeared in the inimitable "Clarion," were now on sale in book form as "Merrie England," at 1/-, and simultaneously "Nunquam" sent forth a penny pamphlet, "The Living Wage." Through John Heywood, of Manchester, "The Knobstick," a notable story of Lancashire life, by C. Allen Clarke, reached the North. The able author of this 2/6 novel, who thoroughly understood the working class, and the new aspiration of Labour, edited the "Northern Weekly" for many years.

The Scottish Labour movement was not founded on materialism. The instinct for freedom and justice which animated the Covenanters and Chartists also inspired the Nineteenth Century pioneers. Their teachers and prophets were Jesus, Shelley, Mazzim, Whitman, Ruskin, Carlyle and Morris. The economists took a secondary place. The crusade was to dethrone Mammon and to restore spirit, and to insist that the welfare of the community should take precedence of the enrichment of a handful. They said with Froude, the historian: "The commonwealth is the commonwealth—the common wellness. No nation can prosper long which attaches to its wealth any other meaning."

Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town.

What does it matter who ranks first,
If the city perishes undefended?
Honours come when the war is ended,
And hearts that battled the best have burst:
When the heights are stormed is the time to count
The stalwart souls who were first to mount.
—Joseph Whittaker.

The capital of Scotland was early infected with Socialistic ideas, and the Edinburgh Branch of the Social Democratic Federation was the first to be established in Scotland. In its formation Andreas

Scheu was associated with Robert Rae and John Leslie. Robert Rae migrated to the West, and, after many years of effort on behalf of the workers, became, in the fulness of time, a Bailie of Partick. John Leslie remained in the East, taking a leading part in propaganda, and, as becometh a perfervid Irishman and true poet, he was eloquent to a high degree. Leslie was early intimate with Irish agitation. He was Secretary of a Ribbon League when he was seventeen years of age. He knew much of the unwritten history of the long and bitter conflicts between Ribbonism and Fenianism before the former was mainly absorbed by the latter, and before the remainder of Ribbonism sank into a degraded form of Trades Unionism. He remembered the long twilight glamour of mere Parliamentarianism which was broken by a call for a new departure in Irish politics, other men and other methods, first advocated by John Devoy in America, carried into effect by Michael Davitt at home; the linking up or the reuniting of Fenianism with Agrarianism, which brought about the great land war. He was through it all as a rank and filer. After the death of Parnell he wrote a pamphlet on the Irish question, condemning unqualified occupying ownership of land in Ireland.

Another prominent member was Fred Hamilton—practical, logical, and advantageously at home in the domain of statistics. On several occasions he sought entry into the City Council.

Among the leading lights of the Federation in London differences of opinion arose on points of tactics, and a schism was caused in the body, with the result that a new society, the Socialist League, was formed, with William Morris at its head. Both organisations carried on active propaganda, sometimes in concert, and more so after the West-End Riots of Monday, 8th February, 1886, and the consequent trial of four members of the Social Democratic Federation. The schism extended to Scotland and a branch of the Socialist League, previously called the Scottish Land and Labour League, was instituted in 1884 or 1885.

The Rev. Dr. John Glasse, of Greyfriars, was the centre of the League, and gathered round him many ardent idealists, to whom he administered doses of Proudhon and Marx. At the manse in Tantallon Place the faithful were favoured with words of wisdom from the lips of Morris, Kropotkin, Stepniak, and other distinguished visitors, their fraternal handshake remaining a cherished memory. The late Leo Melliet was also a member. Melliet was Mayor of an arrondissement of Paris during the Commune, and, having taken part in the attack on the Bastille, was condemned to death. He escaped to this country, and established himself in Edinburgh as a teacher of the French language. When, in the course of time, he was free to return to his native land, he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies for a term. Other enthusiastic Leaguers were John Smith, who was converted to Socialism in his old age through the teaching of Henry George; W. D. Tait, who has been for over 20 years identified with the cause in Glasgow, doing valuable Secretarial work there from time to time for many important Labour and Trades Union Committees and organisations; John Davidson, Hugh Miller, and Tom Bell. The latter—tall, thin, delicate, gentle, but game for anything—visited Paris on one occasion. He was not favourably impressed with the movement there, and in his opinion it lacked "go." To upset Parisian apathy he distributed handbills announcing that he would address a meeting at a certain spot in one of the great squares in the city at a given day and hour. The time came, the crowd came, the gendarmarie, and Bell came. He walked swiftly to the group of lamps which ornamented the centre of the wide space, climbed up, threw his leg over one of the arms, chained and padlocked himself to the same, and commenced an oration on the principles of Anarchism. In vain did the gendarmes endeavour to dislodge him from his perch, and success only came after the assistance of a locksmith. After a brief acquaintance with a police hospital he was deported.

Then there came A. Howie, H. M'Kenzie, John Gilray, and John Bayne. The latter went to South Africa, and to those who knew the veritable fire-eater of the eighties, it was no surprise to find him a leader of revolt in the Colony of his adoption, and a deported agitator as a consequence in 1913. Of MacKenzie the following words of Bruce Glasier are typical: " Many long years have gone since I took part in the first Socialist meeting held on the Mound. Poor Hughie MacKenzie was with us then. He died a few years later. I remember his last grasp of my hand at our May Day Demonstration on the Meadows when he gasped from the remnant of his worn-out lungs: 'I'll no' live to see another May Day, but, man, I'm glad to have lived to see the first beams of Socialism begin to shine on auld Edinburgh town!'"

Fred Hamilton was a Socialist compositor, who, having acquired a small hand press and some type, employed his leisure in printing a small 8-page crown 16mo. miscellany, entitled "Protoplasm." Its curious existence was not indefinitely prolonged.

The first Conference of Scottish Socialist Societies was held in Edinburgh on 2nd December, 1888. The following Branches were represented:—Social Democratic Federation—Crieff, Edinburgh, Dundee (No. 1 and Central), Glasgow (Central and South). Socialist League—Edinburgh, Glasgow, Kilmarnock, West Calder, and Glasgow Christian Socialist Society, Hugh Biggar, delegate. Parkhead Branch of the Social Democratic Federation. Carnoustie and Arbroath Branches of the Socialist League, although unrepresented, intimated that they would be guided by the decision of the Conference. At this Conference the following resolutions were adopted:—

"Whereas it is necessary that a more systematic method of propaganda should be inaugurated in Scotland," and

"Whereas London has shown itself to be unable to organise Scotland";

Therefore be it resolved:—

"That a Scottish Organisation be formed for propagandist purposes;

"That a Central Committee, consisting of one delegate from each Branch of the Organisation be formed for the purpose of thoroughly organising the propaganda in Scotland, such Committee to sit in Edinburgh during the first year;

"That all Branches of the Organisation be requested to make monthly collections for propaganda funds, such collections to be forwarded in their entirety to Central Committee; and that all Branches of the Organisation pay to Central Committee a yearly capita tax to the amount of which will be decided by Central Committee when formed."

The result of the Conference was the severance of connection with London, and the subsequent institution of a separate organisation under the title of the "Scottish Socialist Federation." W. D. Tait was appointed Secretary of the new body, which lived long enough to contest a Parliamentary seat. The Federation ran John Wilson, of Broxburn, against M'Ewan, the wealthy Edinburgh brewer. It was a tasty fight, but the brewer, who had the support of the Scottish Permissive Bill Association, was the winner. Bailie M'Pherson, the Chairman of the Temperance body, was also Chairman of the Brewer's Committee, a combination so common as to cause no remark. The demise of the Federation synchronised with the resurrection of the Edinburgh Social Democratic Federation, but the Socialist League remained immovably interred. When the Independent Labour Party arrived the one-time Revolutionaries entered its ranks, and those who have survived uphold therein the honour of their cause.

May-Day Demonstrations were really demonstrations in favour of an Eight Hours' Day. Edinburgh sent out her tradesmen and Socialists each May-Day with banners and decorations and the usual paraphernalia of peaceful warfare. From Bruntsfield Links to the Queen's Park lieges of the Capital witnessed the march in favour of a palliative, until the more desired collective-ownership arrived. The false economics of the "Scotsman" had not weaned the trades of Edinburgh from demanding shorter hours, an education received from the railway strike in the early eighties, but there had been no strong Socialist element organised until January, 1893, when a Branch of the

Independent Labour Party was launched by Keir Hardie, and formerly inaugurated by George Carson. Of course, as I have shewn, Edinburgh had had for many years the distinction of containing not only the Meadow men, but also first-rank pioneers, such as Gilray, Glasse, Leslie, Melliet, Dickinson, and the rest. The new body, however, from its very inception held regular propagandist meetings, rushed the sale of Socialist pamphlets and papers, and, in a sense, "caught on." During her first visit to Scotland, Katharine Conway carried the Gospel into the Leith Liberal Club, and took a collection for Hull dockers, who were then on strike. She also addressed large audiences in the Meadows, at Leith Dock gates, and in the Oddfellows' Hall, and at each meeting she took collections for the Hull dockers. For her sermon in the Meadows she chose the subject:—"The Will of God: that Man made in His image should conform to His likeness."

The result of the meetings was an enthusiasm and outlook which had a remarkable effect on the Eight Hours' Demonstration held on 6th May, 1893, as witness those quotations from a report:—

"Men who have taken part in many such demonstrations say that for size and excellence of organisation it will compare favourably with the largest and best of the Franchise parades. . . . . Then the quiet earnestness and even temper of the demonstration was displayed when, in deference to the sudden caprice of the Chief Constable, the route was changed, and the procession led through a labyrinth of back streets to the Lothian Road, to the great disappointment and inconvenience of the public, who had crowded all the main streets in hope of getting a good view. . . . . There was none of the customary cheering at the Liberal and Conservative Clubs; on the contrary, the edifices, which appropriately enough stand side by side, each supporting the other, were passed in silence by the various groups, or were greeted with hostile shouts as in the case of the Independent Labour Party. . . There is good reason to hope that the long night of bondage to the political parties is almost over. . . : The test of political intelligence will be no longer; does he swear by Gladstone of Salisbury? but does he repudiate both gangs and toe the line for Independent Labour? . . . One striking feature of the demonstration was the proof it afforded of the decay of the prejudices which existed in the minds of large numbers of working men against the Socialists. Even the

most Conservative of the old Unionists worked side by side with those once hated individuals without a murmur, and when the work was over, and the General Committee met at the Moulders' Hall, the warm praise accorded to these Meadow Socialists by the Marshal was received by the rest of the Committee with every mark of approval."

Flies in amber were not unknown even then. James Connolly, a Socialist employee of the Cleansing Department, was dismissed after the demonstration, where he had been distributing literature.

In June, Enid Stacey visited Edinburgh, and as the result of a powerful speech which she delivered in Free St. David's Hall, a Branch of the Independent Labour Party was formed in the Southern Division.

Proof of the growing unity of the Labour movement was shown by the reception given to a proposal from the Town Council to hold a general holiday to celebrate the wedding of George Guelph, Duke of York. The Trades Council and a large number of Trades Unions denounced the proposal, and attacked the City Fathers for voting £400 from the Common Good to buy a gold rose-water dish for Princess May, while working women were receiving only 5/6 to 10/- weekly in wages. The Independent Labour Party conducted a successful demonstration against the proposals on the first Saturday in July.

The Labour forces did not allow the Connolly dismissal to pass unchallenged. Trades Council, Independent Labour Party, and Demonstration Committee all appealed to the Town Council, and, after a month's siege, the Municipal authorities were compelled to institute an enquiry into the case, but Connolly was not reinstated.

Another of the same name, Frank V. Connolly, London, when in Scotland pushing the "Christian Weekly," also addressed several meetings in Edinburgh, under the auspices of the Scottish Socialist Federation and the Labour Party. Soon afterwards Katharine Conway, Bruce Glasier, and Dan Irving (of Blackburn) carried through a campaign in the city and Leith with excellent results. There were now four branches in Edinburgh and one in Leith affiliated to

a District Council, the Secretary of which had already made a sortie among the miners of Midlothian, and contemplated running a Labour opponent to Gladstone. At the Municipal Elections, Fred A. Hamilton was put up as a candidate against Bailie Steel, in order to remind the electors of George Square Ward of the Broxburn evictions. The evictions had been carried out by soldiers and police at the request and instigation of the Oil Company of which Steel was Chairman. Canongate Ward was contested by D. A. Blackburn on the extreme ticket, and J. Mallinson fought St. Andrew's Ward as a Labour-Liberal.

When the year 1893 closed invitations had been sent to three men to address meetings in Edinburgh Central Division. It was intended to adopt one of them as a prospective Parliamentary Labour candidate.

Belfast Trades Union Congress (1893).

"We were first slaves, then serfs, now we are hirelings," said Mazzini. "We have emancipated ourselves from slavery and from serfdom, why should we not emancipate ourselves from the yoke of hire, and become free producers and masters of the totality of production which we create!"

In every lofty enterprise,
Be earnest effort shown,
For thus alone will swift advance,
And sure success be known;
'Tis thus that men have nobly fought,
And marvels great have done;
And thus, if we with evil strive,
Must victory be won!

—A. J. Foxwell.

I chose Belfast, and spent a week in September seeing and hearing representatives of the working class. Having a Press ticket, I could move freely in search of education, profitable or otherwise. Here

follows a somewhat formal idea of the Trades Congress main events :—

After the formal opening of the Congress, the delegates drove to Kilwaughter Castle via Larne. Old friendships were revived, and new acquaintances formed, and all seemed to lay themselves out to a day of enjoyment, except, perhaps, the more aggressive delegates who found pleasure propaganda. The absence of any establishment strictly within the meaning of the Act between Larne and the Castle was a source of regret to many delegates, but the return to town changed all that. The vestibule of the Ulster Hall next morning was thronged with eager workmen. The artisan with grey beard and bare pow held confab with the youth. Small cliques discussed tactics and criticised leaders. Among early arrivals were Burns, Tillet, Hardie, J. Wilson (Durham) and Fenwick. The President (S. Murro), President of Belfast Trades Council, had not proceeded far with his address when it was quite evident that his voice was not equal to the capacity of the hall. Nothing could be more dreary than the hour spent in listening to what was otherwise a thoughtful address, but for the weak, slovenly manner in which it was read. During the long hour members read newspapers, or conducted their correspondence, oblivious of the husky utterances of the President, and several times, owing to the steady murmuring of members, the address had to be discontinued.

During the consideration of the report of the Parliamentary Committee a sharp discussion arose on the references of the report to the appointment of Factory Inspectors. Chisholm Robertson (Stirlingshire), fluent and decisive, characterised the appointment of the Newgraves Inspector at Glasgow as a "job," and in this he was supported by several delegates from the West of Scotland. A similar allegation was made with regard to the appointment of Grace A. F. Patterson as Female Inspector to the same district. John Burns—whose grey-black hair and sunken, sallow cheek, conveyed the idea of wearied

strength—spoke of the apathy of the workers themselves as the chief cause of inefficient inspection of factories, because they would not take the trouble to inform Inspectors of their grievances, and he moved a resolution to this effect, which was carried. Signs of the conflict between the two forces of the Congress were visible in respect of the Eight Hours Miners' Bill. Whitfield (Bristol) lead the attack on the inconsistent and incongruous position of Charles Fenwick, who, as their Secretary, was instructed to vote for and pilot the Bill, and who, as Member of Parliament, spoke and voted against it. Fenwick, in defence, made a capital special pleading speech, reminding the delegates that they were the cause of the anomalous position, and had the remedy in their own hands.

Fenwick, with far-reaching voice, spoke slowly, warmly, and with transparent honesty, and although he was unable to reconcile his position "in the Lobby" and "in the House," he was able to throw the onus of the position on his hearers. In the discussion of the Parliamentary Report, the fighting between the platform and certain delegates in the body of the hall, was very frank, and conducted with considerable skill, and members practically rushed to the fray when Leonard Hall—sharp-featured, keen-eyed, and self-reliant—proposed a resolution appreciative of Keir Hardie's efforts on behalf of the unemployed. The Congress tried to delude itself that it had no politics, but the excited protests, such as "it amounts to a vote of censure on the Government," showed that to some politics were of more importance than Trades Unionism. The delegate who had the distinction of having received the most severe drubbing during the sittings was Clery, of London, who, speaking for the Civil Servants, by innuendo, attacked the Labour Members of Parliament. Within 15 minutes he came under the lash of Burns, Fenwick, J. Wilson, and J. H. Wilson, and this without the right of reply.

The sitting ended with a scene. Keir Hardie, undoubtedly the best-hated man in the Congress, rose to put a question just before the division on the report

of the Parliamentary Committee. The Chairman declined to hear him. Five or six times, as the Chairman sat down, Hardie rose and said, "I want to ask a question." The Chairman, apparently anticipating an important question, stated that though he had to stand "from now till Monday next" he would not accept the question. It was only necessary to look at the determined attitude of Hardie to know that he was ready to do the same. Several delegates moved his suspension; others tried to shout him down. Although the Chairman declined to hear the question, he had not ruled that it was out of order to put it. A delegate intervened with the remark that if this were done Hardie could not persist in his question. The Chairman ruled the putting of the question out of order, and it was, therefore, not heard. It transpired afterwards that the question was only about the insertion of several commas. Misunderstanding bred of personal feeling and hatred had, therefore, led to the waste of several precious minutes.

Tillet, who supported the Member for South-West Ham, in the evening made a very neat definition of the position—"Because Fenwick is honest we love him; because Hardie is honest we hate him!" On Wednesday, after a personal explanation from Clery, and after Wm. Small (Blantyre) had called attention to the disgraceful scene of the previous sitting, which he maintained arose from a gross mistake on the part of the Chairman, the Congress settled down to consider the Conspiracy Act. The resolution in its favour was moved by Alderman Inskip, and carried unanimously. In calling upon Alderman Tillet to move the scheme for Labour representation, the Chairman caused some amusement by adding M.P. to the mover's name. Ben stood up, with his long, light brown hair and serious, clean-cut features, and delivered an able, calmly-reserved speech. He was supported by Keir Hardie, who stated his points with admirable effect. The resolution was carried by a large majority. Then the Congress arrived at the crucial question in respect of guiding principles which it had to discuss. James

Macdonald (London Tailors, and candidate for Dundee), who was afterwards complimented on all hands with having delivered the most forcible and complete speech of the sittings, moved the following amendment :—

"Candidates receiving financial assistance must pledge themselves to support the principle of collective ownership and control of all the means of production and distribution, and the Labour programme, as agreed upon, from time to time by the Congress."

For several years James Macdonald had put this test principle to the Congress, and it denoted a remarkable growth of Collectivist opinion that a Congress with a reduced attendance of 115 from last year should pass this amendment by a majority of 40. J. H. Wilson, Tillet, and Burns spoke in its favour strongly. In a very business-like manner the questions of the Parliamentary action of Independent Labour members, Factory Inspectors, Poor Laws, Co-operation, and Trades Unionism, were submitted by veterans such as Keir Hardie, N. Inskip, John Hodge and James Mawdsley. Considerable commotion was caused when Broadhurst rose to speak on the Employers' Liability Bill. He met with a very warm reception, and the Standing Orders were suspended to place more time at his disposal. His speech was nothing to the utterances of his palmy days, and it is to be believed that many applauded that would not follow. At the Conversazione in the evening he expressed himself as being impressed with the signs of affection exhibited when he arose to address the Congress. During the afternoon, shortly after his speech, a very clever cartoon was circulated among the delegates directed against Broadhurst. When the Congress adjourned, after a humdrum six hours' sitting, Shipton (London), who had attended seventeen Congresses, gave as his opinion that Belfast Congress was the most business-like of all. Thursday's proceedings opened with wire-pulling, intrigues and interviewing. It was well known that the forward party had determined to run some of their most prominent men for the Parliamentary Committee, and that Keir Hardie had been asked to stand for the Secretaryship.

It was also rumoured that John Burns, Threlfall, and George Shipton were to be nominated for the same post. It was, of course, understood that Fenwick would be renominated. The forenoon proceedings were unrelieved by a single interesting incident. Oh, for Michael M'Manus. Michael the previous day excitedly questioned the Chairman, and was about to be supported by his "ould" father speaking from the gallery, where he was a spectator, when the Chair closured father and son, amid general laughter. Much time was spent over the bona-fides of certain delegates.

In seconding a resolution in favour of the abolition of overtime, contractors, and sub-contractors, John Burns made his most effective contribution to the debates when he called upon his fellows to capture the Town and City Councils, arguing that in these decentralised bodies lay their chief power in matters of government. Thirty-three names were nominated for the Parliamentary Committee, three names were withdrawn, leaving thirty to be voted on. Fenwick, Hardie and Shipton were nominated for the Secretaryship. The latter withdrew. There was applause only when Hardie's name was intimated. The attendance of the public during the sittings was very large, the capacious balcony of the Ulster Hall being crowded every day. Among the more prominent men in close attendance belonging to the Independent Labour movement were: Shaw Maxwell (Secretary, I.L.P.), Fred. Brocklehurst (General Secretary, Labour Council), H. H. Champion, George Bateman, and Dr. Aveling. Geoffry Drage represented the Labour Department of the Board of Trade, and Maltman Barry occupied a seat at the Press table.

The Parliamentary Committee was reformed, and eight anti-eight hour men replaced by others, who, if not out-and-outers, at least gave their tacit assent to the Eight Hours Bill, but Keir Hardie failed to win the Secretaryship.

The Miners of Scotland.

Work, Brothers mine; work, brain and hand,
To free our Labour and our Land;
That Love's millennial morn may rise
On happy hearts and blessed eyes.
Hurrah! hurrah! true workers be
In Labour's Knightlier chivalry!

—Gerald Massey.

It may be admitted at once, and in the most generous terms, that the source of inspiration and achievement for the liberation of the working class in Scotland in modern times has been the miners. From the small brick houses which in drab monotonous rows dot the dreary moors of our mining districts have gone forth sturdy colliers, who have made righteous war not only for better wages and better conditions for themselves, but also for the establishment of national organisations which shall ensure an honourable and useful livelihood for all. The extent of this warfare has progressed from small groups who by guerilla fighting began the escape from slavery just over a hundred years ago to that huge army of courageous soldiers and sagacious generals known as the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. To name a few miners who were connected with the Scottish Labour Party is to indicate the small general staff which led from victory to victory. The successes, however, were not easily wrested from the exploiters, and the expense in money, nerve and marrow to sustain continuous vigilance has sent some to early graves and brought snowy locks to others. Their biographies form the kernel of Labour history.

The Miners' Federation was formed in 1888, and animated by the teaching of the late Alexander Macdonald, M.P., and inspired by the example of the Scottish miners, the Federation declared for a say in fixing what wages should be. And here it is apposite to refer briefly to Macdonald, for details of whose career I am indebted to an article by William Stewart which appeared in "Forward." He was born in

Airdrie in the year 1821, and at eight years of age was working in the mines as his father had done before him. A dangerous and hard vocation, it was then unprotected by any Act of Regulation, Liability, or Compensation, and underground were women as well as children acting as beasts of burden. The working hours were from 12 to 14 per day, and the wages no more than ensured existence in a soulless serfdom. At ten years of age Macdonald had learned to read, and in due time the speeches of Richard Ostler and Lord Shaftesbury in favour of the abolition of women and children in mines came under his notice. He made up his mind to achieve emancipation, and thereafter, concurrent with regular self-education, he conducted a campaign for the betterment of his class. By the time he had reached his majority he was a recognised leader, and at the close of the Lanarkshire strike in 1842 he was victimised by the mineowners. The attempt of men to get an increase came to naught and a wage of two shillings per day had to continue sufficient for their needs. Macdonald concentrated his will on organisation, and having found work, spent his spare leisure in persuading the miners to combine, and in the development of his own education. In his twenty-fifth year he went for three winter months to Glasgow College, returning to the pit at the end of the course. Three winter sessions in succession he spent in this fashion, giving the savings on his toil to the training of his mind. Rising above the prejudices of employers, he was manager of a mine for twelve months, but resigned his position to open a school in his native town. Four years later the miners of Scotland took him over with all his moral and intellectual gifts, and until his death he remained their courageous guide. His experience underground, his acquaintance with the domestic conditions of mining life, his knowledge of Latin, Greek and Mathematics, his natural endowments were all at the service of the colliers. He took part in Ashton-under-Lyne Mining Conferences of 1859, and he presided over the Miners' National Association when it came into being in 1863. The

enormous effort and strain necessary to the ceaseless warfare in which he engaged on behalf of the miners began to tell on his constitution, and he entered Parliament worn and scarred. This Secretary of the Scottish Miners was the first working man to enter the class-sacred portals of St. Stephen's. Surrounded by the representatives of property and financial power he held true to the common people and proved himself equal in mind and manner to the best of the master class. Outside he had stormed the Truck System, had secured the adoption of the double shaft system for pits, had compelled the passing of the Coal Mines Regulations Act, had made it as near as may be impossible for employers to evade responsibility for accidents to their workers, and inside he stood by Parnell for Irish independence and fought against coercion. He accepted the Liberal whip, but never when it conflicted with a higher call: the call of his class; and the country still waits for an answer to his demand for a searching inquiry into the causes of pauperism. The Miners' National Association was the precursor of the Miners' Federation, and it can be claimed that the modern organised movement for economic liberation had its origin and impulse from the miners of Scotland.

The life of Macdonald was that of a miner on a large scale, but there have been thousands of miners whose lives on a smaller scale have contributed to progress. Unheralded and unreported men of native powers, whose support gave leaders confidence were common to every mining county. They were studious and active, intelligent and independent, and exhibited to each other a comradeship which made dark hours cheery and turned dangers into occasions for humour.

For over twelve months the Liberal Party had been in power, and still the autumn of 1893 found the Government innocent of any legislation worth recording. Social reform—always a vague phrase—had been ignored; payment of members and one man one vote had proved to be mere election cries; the Direct Veto Bill was still a barren hope; but the crowning defection was the failure to proceed with the Miners' Eight

Hours Bill, which had passed its second reading in May previous. The Government urged that Home Rule absorbed all available time and energy, but here and there men were asking—Why this question first and everything else nowhere? The mineowners intimated a reduction of twenty-five per cent. in the wages of the colliers, and the Miners' Federation responded by a strike which in a few weeks involved nearly four hundred thousand men. The employers invited arbitration, which the men refused on the ground that there was nothing to arbitrate about. They contended that the question at issue was not whether the market justified the reduction. That was a point outside the issue. With the state of the market the men had nothing to do. They did not sell the coal and were not therefore responsible for its selling price. What they sold to their employers was their strength, skill, and experience which they refused to dispose of under a certain minimum figure representing the standard of comfort to which miners had attained. The struggle had raised a fresh point in the endless warfare between the exploiter and the exploited. In Wales, where the sliding scale had been operating, the miners seized the occasion to demand a restoration of reductions, and being of a lively temperament the Welsh colliers bustled around. Then at the request of the mineowners and their abettors, the military forces of the Crown were sent into the strike districts. During their six years of office prior to 1892 the Tories had sent troops to evict the Broxburn miners from their homes, to dog the Scottish railway servants, and to overawe the Durham miners, and now the Liberals within twelve months had ordered soldiers out against the dockers in Bristol, the dockers in Hull, and the miners in South Wales. The employment of the military on behalf of the owners was noted by the men, and also the strange fact that the Government which confessed financial helplessness in face of grievous unemployment was able to spare £50,000 per annum to compensate the owners of such pigs as fell victims to fever. One day the military were ordered out to Featherstone, a village in the West

Riding of Yorkshire, and situated in the centre of a colliery district. The insult was too much for the law-abiding, though starving, Yorkshiremen, and the feeling between the civilians and soldiers culminated in the latter firing on the crowd, killing two miners, Gibbs and Duggan, and wounding nine others. Yielding to the demand of the public, largely the outcome of an agitation inaugurated by Cunninghame Graham. H. H. Asquith, Home Secretary, granted a public enquiry. The Commission, which consisted of Lord Bowen, Sir A. K. Rollit, M.P., and R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P., took much evidence and issued a report whitewashing everybody. It was significant that when Asquith tried to defend himself before a Glasgow audience he was received with ominous silence. Meanwhile, at the end of sixteen weeks, the coal dispute was settled by Government intervention in favour of the men.

I have already referred to the work of Wm. Small among Lanarkshire miners, and among others whom I met in the early nineties who threw their energies into the organisation of the colliers were James Young, of Uddingston; Robert Smillie, of Larkhall; and Peter Muir, of Dalry. In High Blantyre, and within a wide zone around it, Andrew M'Anulty had been for many years an advocate of Trades Unionism, and when the Independent Labour Party was formed he became, like the others mentioned, an enthusiastic member. The late Mrs. M'Anulty was also an ardent Socialist.

Old Cumnock, although it lies in a valley, does more than dream to the murmur of Lugar. Snuff is said to stimulate the action of the brain, and mayhap the making of snuff-boxes led to abnormal intellect among the natives of that douce Ayrshire town. The fact remains that in the late eighties Cumnock contained a circle of young men whose potentiality was hidden even to local seers. It was here that the mind of Keir Hardie emerged from its chrysallis to take universal wings of inspiring hue, here that Andrew Fisher sharpened those talents which were to make him Premier of Queensland, here that Alexander Anderson, the poet surfaceman, heard the new Gospel, here that

Alexander Barrowman impelled the wits of his fellows ere yet he had assumed editorship of the "Cumnock News," here that James Neil played the flute and turned verses in the cause of the oppressed, and it was here that George Dryburgh gave the support of his caution and courage to the movement for the uplifting of the miners. From Old Cumnock came the Independent Labour Party because it was there that Hardie received new vision. John Rae, at one time of Dalbeattie, and now of Dalmuir, in his notes to "Forward" on James Neil says:—

"The following year (1885) his old schoolmate, James Patrick, who had been working in London, gave him a call that was of great moment to the future history of Jimmy Neil. The young man while passing through Trafalgar Square had heard a big voice which strangely attracted him and bade him listen. The voice belonged to John Burns. Young Patrick was highly pleased with what he heard, and often returned to hear Burns, Williams, Champion, and Hyndman. On arriving back in Cumnock, he hastened to visit his old schoolmate, James Neil, and his young wife, and deliver his belated marriage present—a fine volume of Longfellow. But he had something of more importance to deliver to the young couple and he very soon out with it. The vital news was the message he had learned from the lips of Trafalgar Square speakers—'Socialism: the Hope of the World.' James Neil had been reading 'Reynolds' ' wherein were extracts from the Life and Work of Robert Owen. These thoughts had found in his mind a carpeted entrance for the modern theory of politics from the Metropolis. So the two Jamies would sit by the fire at night and discuss the 'far away hope.' . . .

"In time these Socialist tyros became more aggressive, and got the length of challenging a debate and promising to bring a champion from a distance. But for a time they failed to get up a fight. By this time Hardie, in the local press, was supporting the case for an Eight Hours' Day for miners by an Act of Parliament. . . Failing to find a foe brave enough to tread on the tail of their coat, the young bloods got up a friendly spar with two of the best of the district, viz., Sandy Barrowman, late editor of the 'Cumnock News,' an intellectual individualist, but one who always defended the Socialists from unfair attack, and Hardie, who was at that early period only finding his way in things political. The tourney took the form of a debate in the Liberal Rooms on 'A Legislative Eight Hour Day for the Miners,' James K. Hardie, affirmative; Alexander Barrowman, negative. The 'Dinimite' Club was crammed. The arguments adduced from either side were sane, and for practical knowledge were far better than any urged later in the House of Commons,

From this point Hardie seems to have gone to the bottom dogs! He was a Temperance advocate, an evangelist preacher in pulpit or street . . . Hardie possessed all the virtues and was very far above suspicion. For was he not editor of the local Liberal paper and frequently delivering Ciceronian harangues for Liberalism and Liberal candidates in the North and South of Ayrshire? Ah! but he soon lost caste with that party! . . . It was at this point that he metJimmy Neil and adopted him. Hardie went out and addressed every colliery village in Ayrshire until the echo of his voice belonged to the county."

Notwithstanding the adverse attentions of the County Police, sycophantic pickshaft brigades, clerks, and gaffers, Hardie and Neil successfully unified the miners; and after a while assistance came from outside in the shape of Graham, Conybeare and Davitt. At the National Conference of Miners held at Birmingham on 28th March, 1889, William Small, of Blantyre, carried a resolution in favour of calling a conference of representative mineowners and delegates from the miners to formulate a scheme of restriction that would counteract the rapid depletion of the mineral wealth of the United Kingdom, and a motion by Keir Hardie was adopted declaring against any contracting out of the Employers' Liability Act.

After consultation with Neil and Barrowman, Hardie in 1887 decided to start a monthly journal, and the trio christened the venture, "The Miner," and in 1888 the name was changed to the "Labour Leader."

To the first volume of "The Miner" James Neil contributed a few jokes, and to the second volume about a dozen pieces under various nom de plumes. One of his efforts, a short story entitled "Jock Brute, the Hasher," won a prize of five shillings. He also wrote for "The Miner" several humorous poems, which became very popular throughout Ayrshire, such as "Cronbery Gas," "The Common Long Row," "The New Doctor," and "Ladilde Row to Felix Connolly." Along with Hardie, having laid the foundations of the Ayrshire Miners' Union, at a meeting held in Cumnock addressed by Thomas Burt, M.P., he was appointed local agent. These were strenuous times of speeches delivered at all hours in quarries and

cowsheds, on roadsides and dirtbings. From morn till midnight Neil went from door to door persuading miners to join the Union, and enlisting them by the hundreds. Picketing in the darkness, playing on the flute, trudging over the mosses to Darnconner and Ballochmyle, plodding over the wilds of Muirkirk and Glenbuck, waiting ambushed in the woods and wayssides of New Cumnock, daring the threats of mineowners and facing the vigilant espionage of their sycophants, Neil carried on his campaign. In 1889, Neil and Hardie sought election to the newly created County Council, the former contesting the landward division of Cumnock and the latter contesting the parish of Auchinleck. Both were defeated, but in the case of Neil, who was opposed by the laird of Glaisnock and a factor there were only seven votes of a difference between the three candidates. In 1892 Neil was a candidate for a seat in Cumnock Town Council, and only fell short of success by seventeen votes. On that day of local defeat, Hardie, by a majority of 1264, was elected member of Parliament for South West Ham.

A Struggle for Place.

Be not swift to take offence,
Let it pass, let it pass.
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass.
Brood not darkly o'er the wrong,
Which will disappear ere long,
Rather sing this cheery song,
Let it pass.
Merrily, cheerily, sing this song,
Merrily, cheerily, sing this song,
Better to be wronged than wrong,
Let it pass.
If for good you've taken ill;
Let it pass, let it pass.
Oh, be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass.
Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass.

After his election for South-West Ham one of the first things Keir Hardie did was to move an amendment to the Address, as follows:—

"And, further, we humbly desire to express our regret that Your Majesty has not been advised when dealing with agricultural depression to refer also to the industrial depression now prevailing, and the widespread misery, due to large numbers of the working class being unable to find employment, and direct Parliament to legislate promptly and effectively in the interests of the unemployed."

In a carefully prepared speech he reminded the Commons that the monthly statement issued by the Labour Department of the Board of Trade, based on the returns made by the leading Trade Unions of the country, showed that in those trades making returns ten per cent. of their numbers were in receipt of out-of-work pay. He deplored not only the hardships of unemployment, but the "fearful moral degradation that follows in the wake of enforced idleness." Concurrent with the unemployed agitation he addressed propagandist meetings all over the land, and contributed articles on Socialistic subjects to several magazines.

Then came the Hull Dock Strike, and soon thereafter the case of Edward Pluck. May-Day meetings and the Eight Hours question, which was their central theme, had to be attended, and the Great Coal Strike was looming in the near distance. Everywhere were signs of the ranks of workers being closed up and the sound of their marching began to take something of unison. Those in authority began to doubt the wisdom of a policy of studied indifference.

In June, 1893, the second reading of a Miners' Eight Hours Bill was carried by a majority of seventy-nine. Six years previously a proposal for an Eight Hours' Bill which emanated from the Scottish Miners' Federation only obtained fifty-four votes. The change had been brought about because the miners had made the question an article of faith at election times, and had refused to support any candidate who was not in favour of the measure. At May-Day demonstrations at home and abroad the Eights Hours question was the chief topic. Writing of May-Day, the Rev. Wm. Mackay said, in a characteristic article:—

"Karl Marx, it should be remembered, was a May child—born in May, 1818, at Treves—and in his masterly 'Das Kapital,' published in 1867, he made the proposition for an Eight Hours Law. The Social Democratic Federation since 1881 has done noble work in emphasising and giving prominence to this demand. The Eight Hours Law was also one of the cherished aspirations of the Revolution of 1848. It dates properly from the International of 1864 and Karl Marx, and became consciously an International question and demand at the International Trades Union Congress of 1883. The Berlin Labour Conference of 1890, held in May, and the International Demonstration on the 1st of May, 1890, in which Holland, Denmark, Austria, Italy, Spain, Havanna, and the chief cities of Chili and Peru took part, gave a mighty impetus to Socialism and this Eight Hours question. In 1890 at Roubaix thirty thousand men on the 1st of May processed, publicly demanding an Eight Hours Day. Since then all over the world the solidarity of the workers on this and kindred points has greatly increased. In London, Glasgow and elsewhere the May-Day demonstration of 1892 was a conspicuous if not magnificent success. On Glasgow Green some eight or ten thousand persons took part more or less in that demonstration. Whatever the hackmen of the Capitalist press said to the contrary, it was a veritable triumph for the social idea, and an Eight Hours Day."

Perhaps it may seem out of place to make wide reference to the subject at this stage, but I want to bring out the important fact that the Eight Hours question was the connecting link between Trade Unionists and Socialists. Once a year, for many years, workers of all phases of opinion had demonstrated side by side on this question with the result that the taboo on Socialism became milder. Workers were getting to understand each other, and in the advanced section particularly cohesion was in sight. A discord, however, entered into the harmony in Scotland which it became necessary to remove. Let us look back.

At the Trades Congress held at Swansea in 1887, Keir Hardie met Maltman Barry, a Tory journalist, and, some time after the Congress, he met H. H. Champion in London, when they discussed the formation of a Labour Party. When Mid-Lanark election came in the following year Champion obtained Hardie's election expenses from Miss Harkness, and from then onwards the friendship continued more or less till 1892. Just before the General Election of that year, Barry, Champion, Graham, and Hardie met at the House of Commons, when the subject of running Labour candidates in Scotland was discussed. There was money to be had for this purpose on conditions, but the two Scots said that no money could be accepted unless given unconditionally, and to the Scottish Labour Party through its Treasurer, who would disburse the donations. This arrangement did not suit, and the quartette disbanded, the result being bad blood all round. At the General Election Champion contested South Aberdeen and polled 991 votes, the highest poll of any Labour candidate in Scotland, while Chisholm Robertson, one of his lieutenants, contested Stirlingshire, polling 663 votes. During his candidature, and for some time afterwards, Champion ran a paper, the "Aberdeen Standard," which was well handled. Having embarked on a mission to gain a footfold in the movement and a place worthy of his talents, Champion contrived to get into touch with several branches, and doubtless it would appear to him that the East of

Scotland, where he had a comparatively large following, was the best base for a campaign. It was a fact that principally in Aberdeen, and to a lesser extent, in Arbroath, Brechin, and Dundee, Champion had many admirers who retained their faith in him till his final quittance of Scotland.

At the beginning of the year 1893 Henry Broadhurst had been defeated in his candidature for Grimsby, which was a rebuff to the Gladstone Government and a fillip to the Eight Hours movement. The result was mainly due to Shaw Maxwell, who led the Labour opposition. H. H. Champion also worked with zeal and energy for the defeat of Broadhurst, acting in the capacity of free lance. From his participation in the struggle emerged a hint of the coming contest between himself and Keir Hardie for power. Referring to Champion as an irresponsible agent, Hardie said that acting in this way in the past Champion had rendered invaluable service to the movement, but the work of the free lance was accomplished when the main body of the army came up and fell into line ready for action, and asserted that the action of Champion was "fruitful of future discord." J. L. Mahon, of Leeds, another lieutenant to Champion, who had made an intervention of the same nature at Halifax, was also reprimanded. It was alleged that at the Halifax election Mahon, after offering financial and other aid to Councillor John Lister, the Independent Labour candidate, all of which was declined, wrote a letter to the press calling on the workers to vote for the Liberal candidate. Leeds branch of the newly formed Independent Labour Party promptly suspended Mahon from the office of president. The contest between Hardie and Champion was now developed so far that the former could write:—

"Mr. Champion cannot get branches of the I.L.P. to accept his money though offered apparently in the most unconditional way. That of itself should be an indication of how feeling is running. As I said last month, the man who persists in acting outside the organisation which the I.L.P. has called into being, is not a friend, and if Mr. Champion's interest in the movement be straight as I have always believed it to be, then he will

do only two things. Either he will work in and through the I.L.P., or he will withdraw himself from the movement, and leave it to those who are willing to work together to carry it forward on the lines he has so long advocated."

I can imagine how Champion felt after reading the above advice. To a man who had worked and dared with Burns, Mann, Graham, and Morris, before ever the Scottish or Independent Labour Party were conceived, it was rather galling to be placed in such a position. Besides, he was a born general. Anyhow, he did not take the reflection upon him as the end of his career, but, on the contrary, he proceeded to convene a conference of representatives from all bodies in Scotland, "recognising the principle of Independent Labour Representation." Arguing that the Scottish Labour Party and the Social Democratic Federation were the only bodies in Scotland to whom the description could apply, Hardie advised what he described as genuine Labour men to give the conference a wide berth. Meantime, Frank V. Connolly was sent on a scouting expedition to Scotland by Champion, and while engaged thereon, he was not above taking a few coppers for lecturing to branches of the Scottish Labour Party. By inadvertence, a letter from Champion to Connolly was opened at the Labour Literature Society Office, Glasgow, which put a nasty complexion on Champion's methods. Copies of the letter were circulated by order of Glasgow Council of the Scottish Labour Party in whose pay Connolly had been engaged as a lecturer, and the effects of its circulation were detrimental to Champion and his scheme "to launch a real live Labour Party," although many could not condone such use as had been made of his private letter. Branches were warned to be more careful regarding the record of men who offered themselves as lecturers, as Connolly was the fourth who had endeavoured to obtain entrance into the movement in Scotland either in their own interest or in that of Champion, the other three being Vicars of Newcastle, Mahon of Leeds, and A. K. Donald of London.

The Champion Conference was held in Dundee on 21st October, and over twenty delegates were present. The promoters did their cause no good by devoting the first hour to the discussion and comparison of leaders. Falkirk and Dundee delegates did their utmost to keep the discussion to the question of promoting unity in Labour ranks, whereas the Aberdeen delegates concentrated on the laudation of Champion, who occupied the chair. In the end a resolution was carried asking the Scottish Labour Party to convene another Congress, and a committee was appointed to take action should the Scottish Labour Party fail to do so. Newspapers containing reports of the conference were posted to Labour men all over the country.

At a private meeting of the Scottish Labour Party held on 2nd January following, the correspondence that had passed between Chisholm Robertson, Secretary of the Dundee Conference, and Keir Hardie, Secretary of the Scottish Labour Party, was considered, and thereafter it was agreed to endorse the action of the Executive of the Scottish Labour Party and to allow the matter to drop. It was also agreed to publish the correspondence, but this did not come to pass.

I received the undernoted from a Dundee friend:—

24th October, 1893.

. . . After the first service at the Labour Church, Champion spoke to me thusly:—

"Will you be here in the evening?"

"Yes."

"Will you come down to my hotel and have a talk?"

"Yes."

"In the morning he was on the unemployed, and the evening subject dealt with the power of the Labour vote to shake many of the Liberal seats now held by small majorities if rightly organised.

"The latter very fascinating subject formed the basis of our talk at the hotel, where H. H. C., Oliver, Carnegie, A. Bremner, and I formed the company. . .

"Champion showed how the 'Aberdeen Standard' could be made an effective organ of Labour, and he said he wanted a strong man with some journalistic instinct—journalists are born as one is born with blue eyes. Dundee was to have a local edition of the 'Standard.' Some names were mentioned as likely strong men.

"Champion came back to the scheme which he was seeking to perfect. Four men were to have a geographical area and be stationed in districts. Then before they became stale, as some of us suggested, they were to exchange with another organiser. The scheme is good—even Addison says. Then he pointed out how necessary it was for us of the Labour Party to adopt Parnellite tactics. . . . I rushed in with the notion that I would like to see Asquith unseated, and that I had it on fairly satisfactory authority that Asquith looked to Leven to give him his majority. Champion took down the name of Leven. Rising to go, I remarked by the way that the 'Labour Leader' was to come out weekly. I hold with Addison—he is determined; further, he seems to me to be working for the East Coast at least."

The reason for the above report lay in the fact that I was not present at the church meetings addressed by Champion, and in the further fact that I had been already interviewed by Champion on his pet scheme. The Interview, which took place in the Royal Hotel, was extremely one-sided, my contribution being the reply to a question.

"Well, what can we do for you in Dundee?" said he.

"Leave us alone," I answered.

But my mind had been prejudiced against Champion both by private letter and otherwise. It has often occurred to me that I may have effectively assisted to put an end to the activities in Scotland of a man who, by education, sincerity, and courage might have been a valuable asset to our cause.

By the end of the year Aberdeen Labour Party was in a state of suspended animation although there was still some activity in the Labour Church. The "Standard" was dead, Champion, after being fleeced unmercifully, had gone, Connolly had gone, Mahon had gone.

The Fifth Annual Conference.

Don't prate to me, sir, of patience,
Of course, I know there's a God,
Though why some have much and some nothing
Does sometimes seem mighty odd.
But preaching don't help starving men, sir;
We aint fed by your smiles and your smirk;
We'll believe both in you and your sermons,
If you help us to live—we want work!

G. F.

The official records of this historic muster of Scots workers and reformers are so clear and concise that the historian has his material hewn and chiselled for him. The stones are easily laid and truly.

When the fifth Annual Conference of the Scottish Labour Party met in Glasgow on Tuesday, 2nd January, 1894, there were several changes in personnel noticeable. From the list of vice-presidents, the names of John Ferguson and C. A. V. Conybeare had been deleted and the following inserted:—Walter Forbes, Newmilns; the Rev. Alexr. Webster, Kilmarnock; Robert Harper, Glasgow; Mrs. Cunninghame Graham; Mrs. Stirling Robertson; Mrs. Dr. Harper; Kate Taylor, Glasgow; and Katharine St. John Conway. New Members of the Executive were:—J. M. Thomson; James Erskine and Archie M'Arthur.

Keir Hardie, M.P., was elected chairman by a large majority, and Archie M'Arthur was elected Secretary; the defeated nominee being the present writer. The chairman complimented the Conference on its size, strength, and representative character. There were delegates present from forty Trades Unions, five Trades Councils, twenty-four branches of the Scottish Labour Party, four Henry George organisations, five Co-operative Societies, and seven other societies. He hoped the new year upon which they had entered would see as great a development of the Independent Labour movement, with a Socialist programme, as the preceding year, which had seen the movement receive the imprimatur of the Trades Union Congress for the first

time in its history. He intimated that Robert Smillie had been selected to contest Mid-Lanark, and Professor Robertson Watson to contest Camlachie, and he trusted that fifteen or twenty constituencies in Scotland would be contested at the first opportunity.

John W. Warrington, Glasgow Trades Council, moved the following resolution:—

"That this Conference, representing all phases of the Labour movement, rejoices at the progress which the cause of Labour is making, as evidenced by the rapid growth of an Independent Labour Party in politics; by the resolution of the Trades Union Congress in favour of an Independent Labour Party for securing the nationalisation of the land and the industrial capital of the nation; and the increased attention being given to the question by the press of the country; and we hereby recommend the workers of Scotland to support, energetically, the Scottish Labour Party, and every similar organisation which has for its object, the return to Parliament, and to every representative body, representatives who will act irrespective of the convenience of any political party in securing justice to Labour, and the establishment of a just, social order."

The mover pointed out that those who hesitated to support his motion were still bound, head and heel, to some political party, and had still a hankering after the fleshpots of Egypt.

The resolution was seconded by R. W. Roger, Govan United Trades Council, who said that if every man had done all he could for the Cause, they would not have been meeting in the Upper Hall, like packed herrings, but in the City Hall itself. James Colton, in behalf of the Social Democratic Federation, submitted the undernoted amendment to be inserted instead of the words after "securing":—

"The Socialisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange, to be owned and controlled by a Democratic State in the interests of the entire community, and the complete emancipation of labour from the domination of landlordism and capitalism."

After Richard Farren, Glasgow, had seconded the amendment the Chairman explained that the Executive were aware there were different parties among the Socialists, and their object in framing the resolution was to express the idea of Socialism without com-

mitting the meeting to any one school. Charles Kennedy, Glasgow National Union of Dockers, supported the resolution, and John Darroch, Glasgow Social Democratic Federation, spoke in favour of the amendment, which was afterwards negatived—57 delegates voting for and 104 against the amendment. David M'Lardy said he was present as a delegate from the Scottish Land Restoration Union, and he was not in favour of what was known as Socialism. Unless it was understood that he was not committed to that movement he must move an amendment. The Chairman said every delegate had full liberty to vote against the resolution. The resolution was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

D. A. Blackburn, Edinburgh Scottish Labour Party, moved :—

> " In order to give practical effect to the foregoing resolution, the organised workers of Scotland are recommended to co-operate with any of the organisations represented at the Conference in selecting and securing the return of candidates who comply with its terms, and in order to remove the financial difficulty we further recommend that a national election fund be at once opened, to which Trade Unionists and others be asked to contribute."

In advocating his motion, D. A. Blackburn contended that it was the duty of the Trades Unions to identify themselves with the Labour Party, and urged all Trades Unionists to contribute to a national election fund. The resolution was seconded by William Strang, Falkirk Trade Council, and carried unanimously.

A motion calling upon the Government to appoint, as Factory Inspectors, women who had worked for a living in a workshop, factory, or warehouse, was submitted by Miss Kate Taylor, Glasgow Women's Labour Party. She said that in the previous year two women inspectors had been appointed, but they were selected from the wrong section of the community. Mrs. Henderson, Glasgow, who seconded the motion, said that in the mill in which she worked a factory inspector never came past the counter. Unless practical inspectors were appointed, factory inspection would remain a farce. It was agreed to send copies

of the resolution, which was carried unanimously, to H. H. Asquith, M.P., and Charles Fenwick, M.P.

Mrs. Harper, Glasgow Women's Labour Party, moved:—

"That this Conference urges the Government to take steps at once to extend the Parliamentary Franchise to women."

The resolution was seconded by Mrs. Neilson, Glasgow Ruskin Society.

Henry M'Geachin, Glasgow Typographical Society, moved that the resolution be so amended as to read, that the franchise be extended to all women, married or single. So far as the country had gone in this matter, the franchise had only been given to single women, with the result that their votes had simply been handed over to their spiritual advisers. The amendment, which was seconded by Miss Marion Hutton, Glasgow Women's Protective and Provident League, was accepted. An amendment

"That all—male and female—who have reached the age of 21, should have the franchise,"

was also accepted, and the motion thereafter adopted.

A resolution

"That the two vehicle system in force in Scotland is dangerous to the public and injurious to the interests of the men, and should be abolished,"

was submitted by W. Cuthbertson, Glasgow Associated Carters' Society, seconded by John Urquhart of the same body, and carried.

J. Martin, Paisley United Trades Council, moved:—

"That this Conference hereby tenders its thanks to the Government for the amended Employers' Liability Bill, embodying, as it does, the demands of the Trades Unionists of the country, and urges the Government not to be bullied by the Lords into allowing contracting out."

Robert Smillie, Larkhall, seconded the motion. An objection was taken by the Rev. William MacKay, College Division of Glasgow Branch of the Scottish Labour Party, to the Conference, thanking the Liberal Government, and he moved that the words "tender its thanks" be omitted, and the words "recognises the efforts" be inserted. Alexander Dickenson, South

Edinburgh, seconded, and George Neil, Hutchesontown, Glasgow, supported the amendment. J. E. Scott, Greenock Branch, asked, as a shipowner, to be allowed to support the resolution. He said the objection to the Employers' Liability Act came from a section of the workers themselves, at which he was very much surprised; but the reason was that they were not all united. The employers of labour, and the manufacturers who pretended that they were giving the workers something, were really not giving anything at all, because every man of them would contract himself out of his responsibility by means of insurance premiums directly the Act was passed.

The previous question was moved and carried, 102 voting for and 29 against.

David Lowe, Dundee Branch, moved:—

"This Conference deplores the misery and destitution resulting from so many being unemployed: and while recognising that the unemployed problem can only be solved by the re-organisation of our industrial system on a Socialistic basis, calls upon the Government to at once provide work for the unemployed by using the powers at their disposal and thus tide the poor over the rigours of winter."

John Carnegie, Dundee Branch, seconded. James Alston, Blackfriars Branch, Glasgow, moved that a clause be inserted in the resolution cordially thanking Keir Hardie on behalf of the unemployed. Wm. M'Kay, College Branch, moved an amendment to the effect that there should be added after the word "unemployed," in the first line of the resolution, the words "condemns the state of society that has brought this state of things about," and that in the last line the word "unemployed" should be substituted for the word "poor." James Colton seconded the amendment.

It was ultimately agreed to insert after the word "Government," "and Municipal bodies," and that for "rigours of winter" the words "the transition period" should be inserted. Andrew Muir, Hutchesontown Branch, Glasgow, moved the following

amendment, which was seconded by John Cassels, Scottish Land Restoration Union:—

"That this Conference deplores the misery and destitution resulting from so many being unemployed, and, while recognising that the unemployed problem can only be solved by restoring to the people the full and free use of the land, calls upon the Government," etc.

John Addison, Arbroath Branch, supported the amendment, which was put to the vote and defeated. The resolution was adopted in the undernoted form:—

"This Conference deplores the misery and destitution resulting from so many being unemployed; condemns the state of society which has brought this state of things about; and while recognising that the unemployed problem can only be solved by the re-organisation of our industrial system on a Socialistic basis, calls upon the Government and municipal bodies to at once provide work for the unemployed at Trade Union wages and conditions, by using the powers at their disposal, and thus tide the unemployed over the period of transition."

David M'Lardy proposed:—

"That this Conference declares that no economic change that does not strike at the monopoly of land can improve the condition of the workers, and that therefore the first and most important step towards Social Reform must be in that direction; and further declares that the most effective and practical method of solving the land question is by taking for public purposes the economic rent or value of land, irrespective of improvements, thus abolishing the incentive to mere land ownership, and thereby destroying land monopoly, while at the same time relieving industry of the present grievous burden of taxation."

Councillor Burt, Glasgow, Scottish Land Restoration Union, seconded. James Connolly, Central Branch, Edinburgh, moved that after "workers" in the first clause the following words should be inserted, "therefore declares itself in favour of the taxation of land values and every measure aiming at the restoration of the land to its rightful owners, the people." Alex. M'Gregor, St. Rollox Branch, Glasgow, seconded. J. Adam Anderson, Executive Committee, moved, and James Colton seconded, this further amendment:—

"That this Conference declares that no economic change that does not strike at the monopoly of land and industrial Capital can solve the Labour problem."

The previous question was put and carried by 64 votes to 56 votes.

F. S. Mein, Henry George Institute, Glasgow, moved :—

"That this Conference asserts that the present system of levying rates and taxes for the maintenance of local Government, falling as they do exclusively on industry and house occupancy, is unjust, and calls upon all Social Reformers to support in every available way Councillor John Ferguson's motion at present before the Town Council of Glasgow, in favour of making the land values of Glasgow the basis of the city's taxation."

John Cassels seconded. John Adams, Tradeston Branch, Glasgow, moved that the two last clauses be deleted and the following words substituted :— "support in every available way any proposal making the unearned income of Glasgow the basis of taxation." The amendment was carried by 89 to 28 votes.

On the motion of Charles Kennedy, a resolution was adopted approving of the Government amendment of the Employers' Liability Bill, and requesting the House of Commons to oppose every attempt of the House of Lords to destroy the contracting out clause. James Paisley, Glasgow Trades Council, submitted a resolution which was passed without discussion, calling upon the Government to amend the Railway Servants' Hours of Labour Act, by defining excessive hours.

Thereafter, in the language of the Secretaries, a vote of thanks to the Chairman brought the Conference to a close.

In the evening the third annual festival of the Scottish Labour Party took place in the Albion Halls, under the chairmanship of J. Adam Anderson, who was accompanied on the platform by Keir Hardie, M.P.; Professor J. Robertson Watson, Glasgow; J. E. Scott, Greenock; Miss Katherine St. John Conway; H. B. Samuels, London, and others. An assembly followed, the music being rendered by the Labour Lecture Orchestra.

On the evening of Thursday following, Tradeston Branch held their annual social in the National Halls,

Professor Watson presiding. Brief speeches from Bruce Glasier, Keir Hardie, and Bennet Burleigh, were plentifully interspersed with songs. Dancing followed, and was vigorously kept up till the early hours of the morning.

The Labour movement in Scotland was in good heart, enthusiastic, and nimble on its feet, as becometh youth in the spring-time of a great cause.

A Famous Roll-Call.

Forward! the world before us
Listens to hear our tread;
And the calm heavens o'er us
Smile blessings on our head.
Hope like an eagle hovers
Above the way we go;
The shield of patience covers
Our hearts from every foe.

Those who were present at the Fifth Annual Conference of the Scottish Labour Party formed the nucleus of an army which in the process of time took many citadels in Parliament, Corporation, School Board, County Council, and Parish Council. Many of the names in the list that follows were destined to become public property, and their bearers to occupy prominent positions in various walks of life. There was also the glorious fact that behind those representatives were groups scattered throughout Scotland, composed of men and women of rare intelligence, consummate courage, and restless zeal, who awaited the decisions of the Conference as eagerly as citizens await news of the doings of the army in the field.

LIST OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Dundee United Trades Council—James Mann.
Edinburgh Trades Council—J. Mallison and Thomas Wilson.

Glasgow United Trades Council—John W. Warrington, James Paisley, and James Boyd.

Govan United Trades Council—John Loodden, James Barr, and R. W. Roger.

Paisley United Trades Council—J. Martin, W. Allan and J. Hamilton.

Associated Carters' Society, Executive Council (Glasgow)—John Urquhart, Anthony Melvin and R. Lemmon.

Associated Carters' Society, East End Branch—W. Cuthbertson, John Thompson and William M'Neil.

Associated Carters' Society, Port-Glasgow Branch—Wm. Beattie and Peter M'Leod.

Associated Ironmoulders of Scotland, Eastern Branch (Glasgow)—Neil Mullon.

Associated Ironmoulders of Scotland, Southern Branch—Hugh Bowie, John M'Kechnie and David Rattray.

Associated Ironmoulders of Scotland, North Western Branch—R. Smith.

Associated Stoneware Throwers (Glasgow)—John Hay, John Donachie and Wm. M'Ewen.

Associated Paviors' Federal Union (Glasgow)—James M'Leod, N. J. Boyd and Joseph Dougan.

Associated Blacksmiths, No. 1 Branch (Glasgow)—Wm. Gray, Thos. Banks and Gilbert Samson.

Associated Shipwrights (Paisley)—A. Russell.

Amalgamated Society of Wood Turners (Paisley)—Joseph Rushforth, James Johnston and George Russell.

Associated Society of Millmen (Glasgow)—John Cronin.

Associated Society of Millmen (Motherwell)—James Gavin and J. T. Brasington.

Amalgamated Society of Engineers (Glasgow)—Francis Graham.

Amalgamated Society of Engineers, 2nd Branch—Robt. M'Keown.

Associated Society of Sewing Machine, Cycle, and Tool Makers (Glasgow)—Wm. Waddell, Moses Guthrie and George Bond.

Amalgamated Society of Engineers, 6th Branch—Jas. Russell, Andrew Coutts and James Timmens.

Amalgamated Society of Tool Makers and Machinists (Glasgow)—William Kerr, John Arnott and George Thomson.

Bolt, Nut and Rivet Makers (Glasgow)—Felix Smith, Wm. Annandale and Robert M'Kean.

Brushmakers of Scotland (Glasgow)—David M'Arthur, Edward Bradley and John Bell.

City of Glasgow Operative Boot and Shoemakers' Trade and Funeral Society (Glasgow)—William Dickson, R. Dunsmore and J. Campbell.

Clyde Federated Ship Riggers (Glasgow)—George Kerr and Alex. Boyes.

Clyde Federated Ship Riggers (Girvan)—Thos. Grady.

Dreghorn Miners—Samuel Shannon and John Bowie.

Forth and Clyde Miners (Glasgow)—R. Chisholm Robertson.

Glasgow Typographical Society—J. S. Smyth, Wm. Low and Henry M'Geachen.

Kilwinning Miners—Robert Smith and John Ralston.

National Federation of House and Ship Painters (Govan)—William Bryden, David Crawford and John Hunter.

National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives, Glasgow Branch—David Thomson.

National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives, Arbroath Branch—J. Spink.

National Union of Dockers (Glasgow)—John Docherty, Charles Kennedy and James Macken.

National Federation of Sailmakers (Glasgow)—Robert Holden, John Love and Robert Kelly.

Printers and Stationers, Warehousemen, Cutters, and Assistants (Glasgow)—Robt. Gillies, Jas. Hamilton and Charles Pirie.

Scottish Mill Factory and Bleachers Workers' Federal Union (Forfar)—James Rose and Wm. Jamieson.

Scottish Railway Servants (Glasgow)—Robt. Lindsay and John Sampson.

Scottish Sawmill Operatives and Wood-Cutting Machinists (Glasgow)—John Spiers, John Fraser and Alexander Jamieson.

Scottish Scale, Beam and Weighing Machine Makers' Association (Glasgow)—Frank Brown and James M'Divit.

Scottish Tin-Plate and Sheet-Metal Workers' Association (Glasgow)—George Carson, James Lyon and Thomas Saunders.

Scottish Union of Wood Turners and Machinemen (Glasgow)—Andrew Trodden, Wm. Balfour and Alex. Taylor.

Stereotypers and Electrotypers (Glasgow)—James B. Jack, Henry Stewart and Hugh M'Kay.

Textile Workers' Union (Newmilns)—John Jamieson.

United Plumbers of Scotland (Glasgow)—Hugh Anderson, George Galloway and T. M'Culloch.

Women's Protective and Provident League (Glasgow)—Marion Hutton, Miss Devine and Miss M'Gregor.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party (Glasgow)—Alex. Haddow, Keir Hardie, M.P., George Mitchell, J. M. Thomson, J. A. Anderson and Archibald M'Arthur.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Arbroath Branch—John Addison.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Dalry Branch—Peter Muir, Alex. Gossip and James Fraser.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Darvel Branch—Edward Ralston, Hugh Aird and Peter Wylie.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Dundee Branch—Andrew Bremner, John Carnegie, Jas. Bremner and David Lowe.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Blackfriars Branch (Edinburgh)—Thomas M'Kenzie, Angus M'Innes and James Jarvis.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Central Branch (Edinburgh)—Daniel Currie, Wm. Pinkerton and James Connolly.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Eastern Branch (Edinburgh)—D. A. Blackburn, Andrew Ferrier and D. Hebbington.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Southern Branch (Edinburgh)—Hugh M'Kay, Edward Watt and Alexander Dickinson.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Western Branch (Edinburgh)—T. A. Gibson, James Pearson and James Crawford.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Falkirk Branch—John Black, Wm. Strang and J. T. Duncan.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Camlachie Branch (Glasgow)—John Brown, Prof. J. Watson and Charles Jackson.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Bridgeton Branch (Glasgow)—Wm. Milne, James Paton and Robert Morgan.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, College Branch (Glasgow)—J. Smith, Rev. W. M'Kay and John S. Porter.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Central Branch (Glasgow)—James Alston, J. C. Hamilton and John Biggar.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Hutchesontown Branch (Glasgow)—George Neil, Andrew Muir and P.G. Stewart.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Springburn Branch (Glasgow)—Ebenezer Murch, John Hope and Alexander Morrison.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, St. Rollox Branch (Glasgow)—N. E. Campbell, Alex. M'Gregor and James Stewart.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Tradeston Branch (Glasgow)—Wm. Pollock, Robert Chambers and John Adams.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Govan Branch—Peter Ross, Francis Thornton and John Kelly.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Greenock Branch—J. E. Scott.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Larbert Branch—Walter M'Queen, James Bell and Wm. Anderson.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Larkhall Branch—T. G. Edgar, George Sanders and Arch. Black.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Newmilns Branch—Walter Forbes, Hugh Lithgow and Edward Young.

Executive, Scottish Labour Party, Paisley Branch—William Brown, John Storrie and Daniel Russell.

Cowlairs Co-op. Society (Glasgow)—John Russell.

Kinning Park Co-operative Society (Glasgow)—Robert Stewart, David Curant and James Whyte.

St. George's Co-operative Society (Glasgow)—Arch. Norval, George Cameron and James Inglis.

St. Rollox Co-operative Society (Glasgow)—William Melville, H. J. Diaper and George Morrin.

United Co-operative Baking Society (Glasgow)—J. Purdie, D. M'Culloch and Peter Glasse.

Campsie Single Tax Association—John Stewart, Alex. M'Lennan and Thos. Cameron.

Henry George Institute (Glasgow)—Jas. Busby, Wm. Harrison and F. S. Mein.

Scottish Land Restoration Union (Glasgow)—David M'Lardy, John Cassels and Councillor Burt.

Scottish Land Restoration Union, St. Rollox Branch (Glasgow)—Rev. Cruickshank, Jas. Derrick and Wm. Binnie.

Edinburgh Fabian Society—D. F. Robertson, George Ferguson and Andrew Allison.

Land Nationalisation Society (Mid-Calder)—Donald M'Bride.

Nationalisation of Labour Society (Glasgow)—R. G. Murray, Matthew Elder and Martin J. Judge.

Ruskin Society (Glasgow)—Mrs. Neilson, John G. Borland and Councillor D. M. Stevenson.

Scottish Socialist Federation (Edinburgh)—C. Butcher, John Sutherland and Patrick Welsh.

Social Democratic Federation (Glasgow)—Richard Farren, John Darroch and James Colton.

The Women's Labour Party (Glasgow)—Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Harper and Kate Taylor.

The effect on public life of this Conference of enthusiasts was soon apparent. Glasgow achieved its first victory for Socialism at the polls on 30th March, 1894, when Peter Glasse and James Boyd were returned as members of the School Board. Three candidates were run by a Joint Committee of Co-operators, Trades Council, and Labour Party Representatives, under the designation of THE LABOUR CANDIDATES. Peter Glasse was the nominee of the Co-operators, James Boyd of the Trades Council, and Robert Lindsay of the Labour Party. Unfortunately, the latter, a most sincere and trustworthy man, failed by two places to secure election. The main issue of the election was Socialism, as the following extract from their Joint Manifesto will show:—

> "By the expression, Labour Programme, the Joint Labour Candidates mean that which asserts that the entire means of production and distribution shall be owned by the collective people for the collective good."

Much of the success was due to the untiring diligence of William M. MacKay, who was Secretary of the Joint Committee.

In Edinburgh, Alexander Dickinson was returned to the School Board by a sweeping majority, and in Arbroath Samuel Mollison and George Smith were elected, being second and sixth respectively on the list of successful candidates. In Cathcart Mrs. C. W.

Pearce, Vice-President of the local Labour Party and a member of Tradeston Women's Labour Party, was returned to the School Board. She was the first member of her sex to occupy such a position in Scotland. Dundee Scottish Labour Party ran John Carnegie successfully for the School Board, and it was significant that the Liberal-Labour candidate was defeated. At Falkirk three men were run by the local Branch, and two were elected—M'Coll and William Strang. Mitchell, the other candidate, was within two places of being also returned.

When the first weekly number of the "Labour Leader" appeared on 31st March, 1894, it contained the Election Address of Robert Smillie, who was contesting Mid-Lanark. It was hoped that the electorate would reverse their decision of 1888, when Keir Hardie failed to win the seat, but in spite of spates of eloquence and argument they rejected the Labour Candidate as before. The Irish backed the Liberals and successfully returned James Caldwell, who, after having been a coercionist and Liberal-Unionist for six years, had suddenly converted himself to Home Rule. The Temperance men also supported Caldwell, but not because he had been the nominee of the Glasgow Wine, Spirit and Beer Trade Association two years previously. West of Scotland Socialists gave excellent service during the contest by supplying speakers and distributing literature. Among the local speakers were J. Adam Anderson, Sandy Haddow, Bruce Glasier, Donald Stewart, J. E. Glennie, and James Boyd. A Ramblers' Club, under the Secretaryship of William D. Tait, marched in scores from St. Mungo into Mid-Lanark each Saturday, holding meetings and disposing of newspapers, pamphlets, and leaflets. Speakers from a distance included Edward Marsden and Alderman Tattersall, Halifax; Wm. Saunders, M.P.; Frank Smith, L.C.C., London, who both attended at great personal inconvenience. Shaw-Maxwell, who happened to be in Scotland, spoke several times each evening during the last week of the contest, and Pete Curran, after finishing his engagements with his future con-

stituents at Barrow, hurried up to the scene of action.

Wm. Saunders, M.P., on behalf of the Executive Committee for the Taxation of Ground Values, sent twenty pounds, with a letter in which he said:—

> "Mid-Lanark is clearly one which ought to be represented by a working man, and Mr. Smillie came to a just and wise conclusion when he decided to continue the contest at Mid-Lanark rather than accept a nomination from the Liberal Party for another constituency."

The last phrase was not devoid of significance.

The Glasgow "Echo," after existing for some time as a flat specimen of Trade Union journalism of Whig proclivities, began to be respectful towards Independent Labour, and supported advanced candidates, including Robert Smillie. Alas, it was a deathbed repentance! Glasgow Trades Council, by 47 to 20 votes, approved Smillie's candidature for Mid-Lanark and voted £10 towards his election fund. But it was the presence of Michael Davitt in the contest which made it impossible for Labour to win the seat, although on every hand Smillie won golden opinions, even from his adversaries. Thus the necessities of Irish politics lost to Scotland an efficient and truly representative Labour Member of Parliament, and saddled the House of Commons with an avowed turncoat and trimmer, a bore without peer in the realm of twaddle and talk.

Other signs of activity were evident. Fred Brocklehurst, B.A., who had on the previous evening—the occasion of his first visit to Glasgow—delivered an address in the Albion Halls on "Socialism and Character," spoke in the North Saloon of the City Hall, on 9th April, on "Home Rule." At the latter meeting it was agreed that Blackfriars—the most democratic constituency in Scotland—should have direct Labour Representation in Parliament, and at a subsequent stage Fred Brocklehurst was invited to become the candidate. Meanwhile the Central Division branch held a meeting in the rooms at Lancefield Street, when addresses were delivered by Keir Hardie, M.P., and Edward Marsden, Editor of the "Labour News," Halifax. At the close of Edward Marsden's address, he

was submitted to test questions, and then invited unanimously to become the Labour candidate for the Division. Bailie Samuel Chisholm, prospective Liberal candidate for Camlachie, withdrew, while Professor Robertson Watson remained as Labour candidate. In Govan, where a branch of the Scottish Labour Party had been formed, a vote was taken among the Trade Unions on the advisability of running a Labour candidate for the division.

In the opening weeks of April, several branches elected office-bearers for the ensuing year. Here follow a few of the appointments:—

Hutchesontown—P. G. Stewart, President; Dan. Baird and George Neil, Vice-Presidents; J. Clark, Treasurer; Archibald Hunter, Secretary; W. D. Tait, Financial Secretary.

Kinning Park and Plantation—Colin Campbell, President; Duncan Fleming, Vice-President; William Glennie, Secretary; John Imrie, Librarian.

Central—William Burns, President; Wm. Strachan, Financial Secretary; Martin J. Judge, Corresponding and Minute Secretary; Andrew Leiper, Treasurer.

Bridgeton—R. Morgan, Secretary.

Camlachie—John Adams, Secretary.

College—William MacKay, Jun., Secretary.

Springburn—William M'Guire, Secretary.

St. Rollox—D. Archibald, Secretary.

A Cyclists' Club, with the object of helping country branches, was formed with a membership of thirty. The meeting place was Alston's Tea Rooms, 201 Ingram Street. New three-storey premises situated at 66 Brunswick Street were opened and became the head-

quarters of the "Labour Leader," the Labour Literature Society, Limited, and the District Council of the Scottish Labour Party.

The last annual conference of the Scottish Labour Party was held on Wednesday, 26th December, 1894, when 53 delegates attended from all over Scotland. It was unanimously agreed, on the motion of Hardie, to wind up the Party, and a motion to form a Scottish Council of the Independent Labour Party was decided against by 28 votes to 22. There were at the time 32 branches.

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